



Po. angl. 360p / 5

Shakespeare

<36629087210011

S

<36629087210011

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

0628361

B. L. angl. pag. 158.

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

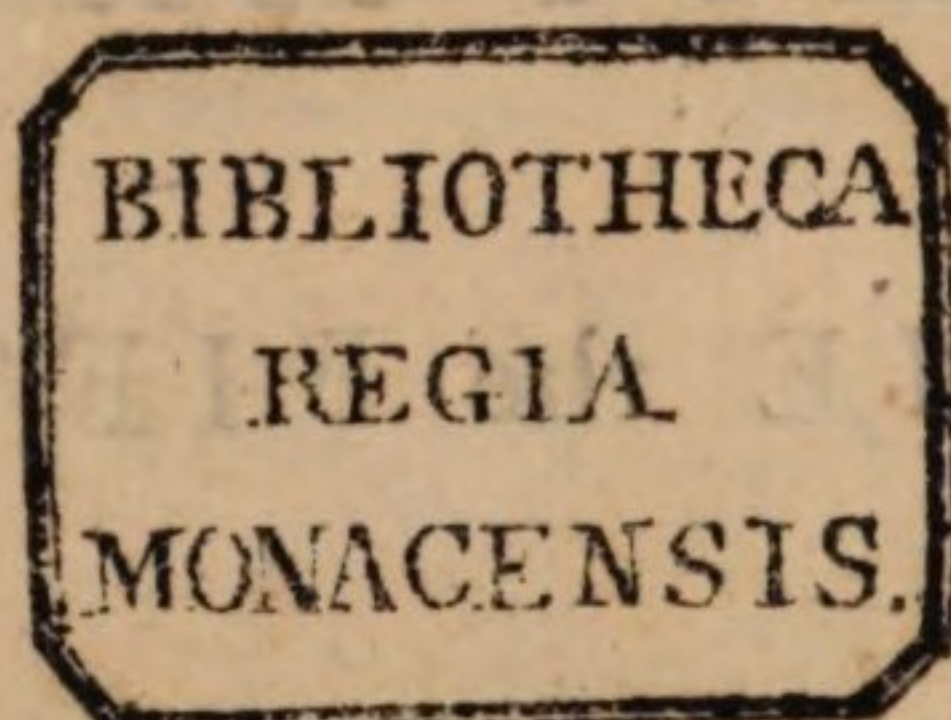
King HENRY VI. Part II.
King HENRY VI. Part III.
King RICHARD III.
King HENRY VIII.



LONDON:

Printed for C. Hitch *and* L. Hawes, J. *and* R. Tonson,
B. Dod, G. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin,
T. Longman, S. Crowder *and* Co. W. Johnston,
C. Corbet, T. Lownds, *and* T. Caflon.

MDCC LXII.





H. Gravelot in Vol. 5. P. 3.

G. V. Gucht Scul.



T H E

S E C O N D P A R T

O F

King *H E N R Y* VI.



A 2

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.
Humphry Duke of Gloucester,
Cardinal Beauford, Bp. of Winchester, } *Uncles to the King.*
Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.
Duke of Buckingham, }
Duke of Somerset, } *Of the King's Party.*
Duke of Suffolk,
Earl of Salisbury, } *Of the York Faction.*
Earl of Warwick, }
Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, his Brother.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of York.*
Richard Plantagenet, }
Vaux, a Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore—*Pirates,*
A Herald.
Hume and Southwel, two Priests.
Bolingbrook, an Astrologer.
A Spirit, attending on Jordan the Witch.
Thomas Horner, an Armourer.
Peter, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an Impostor.
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher, Smith
the Weaver, and several others, Rebels.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love with the Duke
of Suffolk.
Dame Eleanor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.
Mother Jordan, a Witch employed by the Dutchess of Gloucester.
Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers,
Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other
Attendants.

The **SCENE** is laid very dispersedly in several
Parts of England.

The



The SECOND PART of (1)
King *H E N R Y* VI.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *The Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets: then, Hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beauford on the one side: The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

S U F F O L K.

✠ ✠ ✠ S by your high imperial Majesty
✠ ✠ ✠ I had in charge at my depart from *France*,
✠ ✠ ✠ A As procurator for your Excellence,
✠ ✠ ✠ To marry Princess *Marg'ret* for your Grace;
✠ ✠ ✠ So in the famous ancient city, *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alanson*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have

(1) *The second Part of K. Henry VI.] This and the Third Part of K. Henry VI. contain the troublesome Period of this Prince's Reign, which took in the whole Contention betwixt the two Houses of York and Lancaster: And under that Title were these two Plays first acted*

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of *England* and her lordly peers
 Deliver up my title in the Queen

[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*]

To your most gracious hand ; that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent :
 The happiest gift that ever Marquis gave,
 The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen *Margaret* ;
 I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lend'st me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
 For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul ;
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
 In courtly company, or at my beads,
 With you mine alder-lieft Sovereign :
 Makes me the bolder to salute my King
 With ruder terms ; such as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Make me from wondring fall to weeping joys,
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen *Marg'ret*, *England's* happiness !

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,

and published. The present Scene opens with *K. Henry's* Marriage, which was in the 23d Year of his Reign ; and closes with the first Battle fought at *St. Albans*, and won by the *York* Faction, in the 33d Year of his Reign. So that it comprises the History and Transactions of ten Years.

Between

Between our Sovereign and the *French King, Charles*,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King, Charles, and William de la Pole Marquis of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

Item. *That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her father.*

[*Lets fall the Paper.*

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of *Winchester*, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the Dutchie of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquis, kneel
you down;

We here create thee the first Duke of *Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of *York*,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle *Winchester*,
Glo'ster, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerfet*,
Salisbury and *Warwick*;

We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen and Suffolk.*

Manent the rest.

Glo. Brave Peers of *England*, pillars of the state,
To you Duke *Humphry* must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

8 The SECOND PART of

What! did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
Have you yourselves, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep scars in *France* and *Normandy*?
Or hath mine uncle *Beauford*, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe,
And was his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in *Paris*, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die!
Shall *Henry's* conquest, *Bedford's* vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die!
O Peers of *England*, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstances?
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, Uncle, we will keep it if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roaft,
Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large stile
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick* my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,

My

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! myself did win them both:
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
 And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

York. For *Suffolk*'s Duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read, but *England*'s Kings have had
 Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
 And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That *Suffolk* should demand a whole fifteenth,
 For cost and charges in transporting her:
 She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,
 Before——

Car. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, now ye grow too hot:
 It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Glo. My Lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind.
 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
 Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face,
 I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
 Lordings, farewell: and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
 'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
 Nay more, an enemy unto you all;
 And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
 Consider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
 And heir apparent to the *English* crown.
 Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, Lords, let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,

Calling him *Humphry*, the good Duke of Glo'ster,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!

With, *God preserve the good Duke Humphry!*
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?

Cousin of *Somerſet*, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoist Duke *Humphry* from his feat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay.
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry's* pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:

If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or *Somerſet*, or I, will be protector,
Despight Duke *Humphry* or the Cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerſet.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw, but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*
Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
More like a soldier, than a man o'th' church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert regent for our Sovereign,

Have

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
 Join we together for the publick good,
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of *Suffolk*, and the cardinal,
 With *Somerſet's* and *Buckingham's* ambition;
 And, as we may, cheriſh Duke *Humphry's* deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country!

York. And ſo ſays *York*, for he hath greateſt cauſe.

[*Aſide.*

Sal. Then let's make haſte, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh father, *Maine* is loſt;
 That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
 And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant *Maine*,
 Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*;
Paris is loſt: the State of *Normandy*
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
 The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
 And purchaſe friends, and give to courtezans,
 Still revelling, like Lords, till all be gone:
 While as the ſilly owner of the goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
 And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
 While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away;
 Ready to ſtarve, and dares not touch his own.
 So *York* muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold,
 Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
 Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,

As

As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
 Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.
Anjou and *Maine*, both giv'n unto the *French*!
 Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
 Ev'n as I have of fertile *England's* soil.
 A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the *Nevills'* parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphry*;
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the Crown;
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a Crown,
 Then, *York*, be still a while, till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the State;
 Till *Henry*, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and *England's* dear-bought Queen,
 And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
 And in my Standard bear the arms of *York*,
 To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
[Exit York.]

S C E N E *changes to the Duke of Gloucester's House.*

Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.

Elean. WHY droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load?
 Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What see'st thou there? King *Henry's* Diadem,
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?

IF

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same,
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold:
 What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift up our heads to heaven;
 And never more abase our fight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy Lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine Ill
 Against my King and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

Ele. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in Court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot;
 But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
 And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
 Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,
 And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.
 This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he, that breaks a stick of *Gloster's* grove,
 Shall lose his head for his Presumption.
 But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet Duke:
 Methought, I sat in seat of Majesty,
 In the cathedral church of *Westminster*,
 And in that chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd;
 Where *Henry* and *Marg'ret* kneel'd to me,
 And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright;
 Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor*,
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,
 And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

From

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my Lord! are you so cholerick
With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?

Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto *St. Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us? *[Exit Gloucester.*

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,

While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,

I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks;

And smooth my way upon their headless necks.

And being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay, fear not, man,

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Ele. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With *Marjery Jordan*, the cunning witch;

And *Roger Bolingbrook* the conjurer,

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness

A Spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions,

As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:
 When from *St. Albans* we do make return,
 We'll see those things effected to the full.
 Here, *Hume*, take this reward; make merry, man,
 With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Eleanor.*]

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the *Dutchess's* gold;
 Marry, and shall; but how now, *Sir John Hume*?
 Seal up your lips, and give no words, but *mum*!
 The business asketh silent secrecy.
 Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
 I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,
 And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
 Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,
 They (knowing Dame *Eleanor's* aspiring humour)
 Have hired me to undermine the *Dutchess*;
 And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I *Suffolk's*, and the Cardinal's, broker;
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,
Hume's knavery will be the *Dutchess's* wreck,
 And her attainture will be *Humphry's* fall:
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter the Armourer's man
 being one.

1 *Pet.* MY masters, let's stand close; my Lord Pro-
 tector will come this way by and by, and
 then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good
 man, Jesu bless him!

Enter

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the Queen with him ; I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow, wouldst any thing with me ?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me ; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector. [*reading.*] Are your supplications to his lordship ? let me see them ; what is thine ?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your Grace, against *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ? that's some wrong, indeed. What's yours ? what's here ? [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the Commons of Long Melford.* How now, Sir Knave ?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Township.

Suf. reads.] Against my Master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the Crown.

Q. Mar. What ! did the Duke of *York* say, he was rightful heir to the Crown ?

Peter. That my mistress was ? no, forsooth ; my master said, that he was ; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there ?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently ; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit Peter guarded.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*]

Away, base cullions : *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. My Lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?
 Is this the fashion in the Court of *England*?
 Is this the Government of *Britain's* Isle?
 And this the royalty of *Albion's* King?
 What! shall King *Henry* be a pupil still,
 Under the surly *Gloster's* governance?
 Am I a Queen in title and in style,
 And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
 I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
 Thou ran'st a-tilt in honour of my love,
 And stol'st away the Ladies' heart's of *France*;
 I thought, King *Henry* had resembled thee
 In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number *Ave Marias* on his beads;
 His champions are the Prophets and Apostles:
 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;
 His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would, the college of the Cardinals
 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
 And set the triple crown upon his head;
 That were a state fit for his holiness!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
 Your Highness came to *England*, so will I
 In *England* work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud Protector, have we *Beauford*
 Th' imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 And grumbling *York*; and not the least of these
 But can do more in *England*, than the King.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
 Cannot do more in *England* than the *Newills*;
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,
 As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's wife:
 She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
 More like an Empress than Duke *Humphry's* wife.
 Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
 She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.

Shall

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 Contemptuous, base born, Callot as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands;
 Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his daughter!

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will 'light to listen to their lays;
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So, let her rest; and, Madam, list to me;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this;
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,
 Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last;
 And you yourself shall steer the happy Realm.

*To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal,
 Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the
 Ducthess of Gloucester.*

K. Henry. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which,
 Or *Somerset*, or *York*, all's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,
 Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the place,
 Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that; *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this Presence are thy betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, Son; and shew some reason, *Buckingham*,
 Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
 To give his Censure: these are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King, but thou?)
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the Peers, and Nobles of the Realm,
Have been as bond-men to thy sov'reignty.

Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd; the Clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law;
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Glo'ster.*]

Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[*She gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Eleanor* unreveng'd.

[*Exit Eleanor.*]

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs;
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law.
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my King and Country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Sovereign, *York* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That *York* is most unmeet of any man.

York. I tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Somerset* will keep me here
Without discharge, money or furniture,
Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famish'd and lost.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the Land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong *Warwick*.

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner the Armourer, and his Man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the Duke of *York* excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse *York* for a traitor?

K.H. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk*? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man,
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these; "that *Richard* Duke of *York*
" Was rightful heir unto the *English* Crown;
" And that your Majesty was an usurper."

K. Henry. Say, man; were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor
thought

thought any such matter : God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my Lord, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scow'ring my Lord of *York's* armour.

York. Base dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech ;
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this ; therefore, I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in Law ?

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge :
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o'er the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry's* doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so : My Lord of *Somerſet*, (2)
We make your Grace Regent over the *French*.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake,
pity my case ; the spight of Man prevaileth against me.
O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to
fight a blow : O Lord, my heart !——

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison ; and the day of
Combat shall be the last of the next month. Come,
Somerſet, we'll see thee sent away. [Flour. Exeunt.

(2) *K. Henry.* *Then be it so, &c.*] These two Lines I have inserted from the old *Quarto* ; and, as I think, very necessarily. For, without them, the King has not declar'd his Assent to *Gloucester's* Opinion ; and the Duke of *Somerſet* is made to thank him for the *Regency*, before the King has deputed him to it.

SCENE, *the Witch's Cave.*

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. COME, my masters; the Dutcheſs, I tell you,
Expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will
her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorcifms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of
an invincible ſpirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter
Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſy below;
and ſo I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit*
Hume.] Mother *Jordan*, be proſtrate and grovel on the
earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, above.

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters, and welcome to all:
to this geer, the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady: wizards know their times.
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was ſet on fire,
The time, when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl:
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves:
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hollow'd verge.

*Here they perform the Ceremonies, and make the circle;
Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It
thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. *Adſum.*

M. Jord. *Aſmuth*, by the eternal God, whoſe name
And power thou trembleſt at, tell what I aſk;
For till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

Spir. Aſk what thou wilt.—That I had ſaid, and done!

Boling. Firſt, of the King: What ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit ſpeaks, they write the answer.*

Boling.

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Spirit. Let him ſhun caſtles,

Safer ſhall he be on the ſandy plains,

Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake :
False fiend, avoid !

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit deſcends.*]

*Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham,
with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon theſe traitors, and their traſh ;
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.

What, Madam, are you there ? the King and Realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains ;

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Elean. Not half ſo bad as thine to *England's* King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'ſt where is no cauſe.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all : What call you this ?

Away with them, let them be clap'd up cloſe,

And kept apart. You, Madam, ſhall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll ſee your Trinkets here forth-coming all.

[*Exeunt Guards with Jordan, Southwel, &c.*]

York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her well ;
A pretty plot, well choſe to build upon.

Now, pray, my Lord, let's ſee the devil's writ.

What have we here ?

[*Reads.*]

The Duke yet lives, that Henry ſhall depoſe ;

But him out-live, and die a violent death.

Why, this is juſt, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere poſſe,*

Well, to the reſt :

Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk* ?

By water ſhall he die, and take his end.

What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet* ?

Let him ſhun caſtles,

Safer

*Safer shall be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my Lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd, (3)
And hardly understood.

The King is now in progress tow'rds *St. Albans*;
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *York*,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, ho?

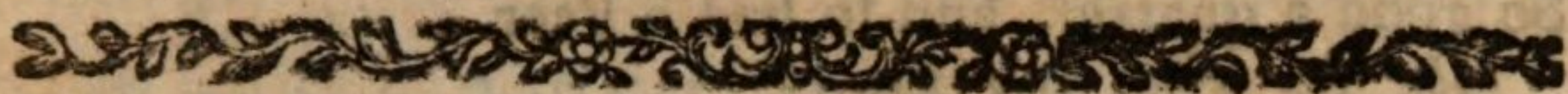
Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

(7) *These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood,*] Not only the Lameness of the Versification,
but the Imperfection of the Sense too, made me suspect this Passage
to be corrupt. The Meaning is very poor, as it stands in all the
printed Copies; but I have formerly, by the Addition of a single
Letter, both helped the Verse and the Sentiment. *York*, seizing the
Parties and their Papers, says, he'll see the Devil's *Writ*; and
finding the Wizard's Answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes
this general Comment upon such sort of Intelligence, as I have re-
stored the Text:

*These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.*

i. e. A great Risque and Hazard is run to obtain them, (*viz.* going
to the Devil for them, as 'twas pretended and supposed;) and like-
wise the incurring severe Penalties, by the Statute-Law against such
Practices? and yet, after these *hardy* Steps taken; the Informations
are so perplexed that they are hardly to be understood.



A C T II.

S C E N E, at St. Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulkners hallooing.

Q. M A R G A R E T.

BE L I E V E me, Lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years' day;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my Lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav'n?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heav'n is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth'st it so with King and common-weal!

Glo. What, Card'nal? Is your priesthood grown so
peremptory? *Tantæne animis Cælestibus iræ?*
Churchmen so hot? good Uncle, hide such malice.
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Glo. As who, my Lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my Lord;
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorship.

Glo. Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, *Glo'ster*.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy Uncle, 'would 'twere come
to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the
matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: and,
if thou dar'st,

This ev'ning on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my Lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin *Glo'ster*,
Had not your man put up the towl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport——Come with thy two-hand
sword, (4) [Aside to *Glo.*

Glo. True, Uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?——the east side of the Grove.

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [Aside.

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle *Glo'ster*?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my Lord.—

(4) ——Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Glo. True, Uncle, are ye advis'd? The East-side of the Grove.

Cardinal, I am with you] Thus is the whole Speech placed to
Gloucester, in all the Editions: but surely, with great Inadvertence.
It is the *Cardinal*, who first appoints the East-side of the Grove for
the place of *Duel*: and how finely does it express the Rancour and
Impetuosity of the *Cardinal*, for fear *Gloucester* should mistake, to re-
peat the Appointment, and ask his Antagonist if he takes him right!
So I have ventured to regulate the Speeches; as it improves a Beauty,
and avoids an Absurdity.

Now,

Now, by God's mother, Priest, I'll shave your crown
for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*]

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum.*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,
Lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. *Alban's* shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight:
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren, bearing
Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife fol-
lowing.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your Highness to present the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King,
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorify the Lord.

What hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your Grace.

K. Henry. Poor Soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good Saint *Alban*; who said, "*Simpcox*, come; (5)
"Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plumb-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'dst plumbs well, that wouldst
venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes; wink now, now open them;
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

(5) ————— who said, Simon, come;

Come offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee.] The Editions here are all at odds with the History. — For why, *Simon*? The *Chronicles*, that take notice of *Glo'ster's* detecting this pretended Miracle, tell us, that the Impostor, who asserted himself to be cured of Blindness, was called *Saunders Simpcox*. — *Simon* was therefore a Corruption through the Negligence of the Copyists, and continued by the Indolence of the Editors. Nor have we need of going back to *Chronicles* to settle this Point, since our Poet, in the Course of this very Scene, gives us the Fellow's Names correspondent with the History.

Simp.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint *Alban*.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master, red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

Glo. *Saunder*, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom.

If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a miracle:

Would ye not think that Cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint *Albans*,

Have you not beadles in your town,

And things call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit Messenger.]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over the same stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, A miracle!*]

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long!

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town, till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit beadle, with the woman.*]

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,

(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)

Have practis'd dangerously against your state;

Dealing with witches and with conjurers,

Whom we have apprehended in the fact,

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground;

Demanding of King *Henry*'s life and death,

And

And other of your Highness's Privy-council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth coming, yet at *London*.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Glo'ster.*

Glo. Ambitious Church-man! leave t'afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. *Glo'ster*, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my bed and company:
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd *Glo'ster's* honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To-morrow toward *London* back again,
To look into this business thoroughly.
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the Cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. **N**OW, my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself;

In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to *England's* crown.

Sal. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet *York*, begin; and if thy Claim be good,
The *Nevills* are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons:
The first, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;
The fifth was *Edmond* *Langley*, Duke of *York*;
The sixth was *Thomas* of *Woodstock*, Duke of *Glo'ster*,
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.

Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,
Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King;
Till *Henry* *Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaster*,
The eldest son and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence she came,
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
Harmless King *Richard* trait'rously was murder'd,

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of *Lancaster* the Crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For *Richard* the first son's heir being dead,
The Issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of *Clarence*, from whose line
I claim the Crown, had issue *Philip*, a daughter,
Who married *Edmond* *Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.

Edmond had issue; *Roger* Earl of *March*:

Roger had issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
As I have read, laid claim unto the Crown;
And, but for *Owen* *Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.

But,

But, to the rest——

York. His eldest sister, *Anne*,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was the son to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the Third's fifth son.——

By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir
To *Roger* Earl of *March*, who was the son
Of *Edmond Mortimer*, who married *Philip*,
Sole daughter unto *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth son; *York* here claims it from the third.
Till *Lionel's* issue fail, his should not reign;
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'reign *Richard*, *England's* King!

York. We thank you, Lords: but I am not your King,
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* insolence,
At *Beauford's* pride, at *Somerſet's* ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them;
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
'Tis that they seek; and they in seeking that
Shall seek their deaths, if *York* can prophesy.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And, *Nevill*, this I do assure myself:

Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greatest man in *England*, but the King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a House near *Smithfield*.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry and Nobles ; the
Dutchess, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume, and Bo-
lingbroke, under guard.*

K. H. **S**Tand forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Glo'ster's* wife,
In fight of God and us your guilt is great ;
Receive the sentence of the law for fins,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison, back again ;
From thence unto the place of execution ;
The Witch in *Smithfield* shall be burn'd to ashes.
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley* in the *Isle of Man*.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Gla. The law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor* ;
I cannot justify, whom law condemns.

[*Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, *Humphry* ! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.

I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go ;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster* ; ere thou go,
Give up thy staff ; *Henry* will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, *Humphry*, no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a King of years
Should be protected like a child :

God

God and King *Henry* govern *England's* realm :
Give up your staff, Sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff? here, noble *Henry*, is my staff :
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine ;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good King ; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit Glo'ster.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen.
And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*, scarce himself,
That bears so shrew'd a maim ; two pulls at once ;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopt off :
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays ;
Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord ; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A'God's name, see the lists and all things fit ;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right !

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my Lords.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk ; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it (6) ; and at the other door his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in
a cup

(6) *With a Sand-bag fastened to it.*] As, according to the old
Laws of Duels, Knights were to fight with the Lance and Sword ;
so

a cup of sack ; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour ; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all ; and a fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy master ; fight for the credit of the 'prentices.

Peter. I thank you all ; drink, and pray for me, I pray you ; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, *Robin* : if I die, I give thee my apron ; and, *Will*, thou shalt have my hammer ; and here, *Tom*, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bless me I pray God ; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name ?

Peter. *Peter*, forsooth.

Sal. *Peter* ? what more ?

Peter. *Thump*.

Sal. *Thump* ? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man : and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen ; and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Dispatch : this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets ; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

So those of inferior Rank fought with an *Ebon* Staff or Battoon, to the farther End of which was fixed a Bag crammed hard with Sand. To this Custom *Hudibras* has alluded in these humorous Lines :

*Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old.*

Mr. Warburton.

Arm.

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold ; I confefs, I confefs treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon ; fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this prefence ?

O *Peter*, thou haft prevail'd in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our fight, For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in juftice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, the S T R E E T.

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in mourning Cloaks.

Glo. **T**HUS sometimes hath the brighteft day a cloud ;
And, after summer, evermore fucceeds
The barren winter with his nipping cold ;
So cares and joys abound, as feafons fleet.
Sirs, what's a-clock ?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutcheffs :
Unneath may ſhe endure the flinty ſtreets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks ſtill laughing at thy ſhame ;
That erſt did follow thy proud chariot-wheels.
When thou didſt ride in triumph thro' the ſtreets.
But ſoft ! I think, ſhe comes ; and I'll prepare
My tear-ftain'd eyes to ſee her miſeries.

Enter

Enter the Dutchess in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff and Officers.

Ser. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze! See, how the giddy multitude do point, And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee! Ah, *Glo'ster*, hide thee from their hateful looks; And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame, And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah! *Glo'ster*, teach me to forget myself: For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this land; Methinks, I should not thus be led along, Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back; And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans. The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet; And when I start, the cruel people laugh: And bid me be advised how I tread. Ah! *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful yolk? Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world, Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun? No: dark shall be my light, and night my day. To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell. Sometime I'll say, I am Duke *Humphry's* wife, And he a Prince, and ruler of the land: Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn Dutchess, Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock To every idle, rascal follower. But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame, Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will. For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all

With

With her, that hateth thee and hates us all)
 And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
 And fly thou, how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
 I must offend, before I be attainted:
 And, had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away;
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
 I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience;
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament
 holden at *Bury*, the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there;

[*Exit Herald.*

My *Nell*, I take my leave: and, master Sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays:
 And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
 To take her with him to the *Isle of Man*.

Glo. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 You use her well; the world may laugh again;
 And I may live to do you kindness, if
 You do it her: and so, Sir *John*, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Elean.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me; my joy is death:
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Isle of Man*;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. No; like a Dutche's, and Duke *Humphry's* lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; madam, pardon me.

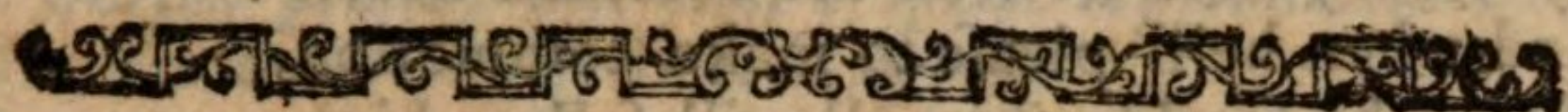
Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.
Come, *Stanley*, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.





A C T III.

S C E N E, at Bury.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament.

K. H E N R Y.

I Muse, my Lord of Glo'ster is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,

How insolent of late he is become,

• How peremptory and unlike himself!

We know the time, since he was mild and affable;

And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee;

That all the court admir'd him for submission,

But meet him now, and be it in the morn,

When ev'ry one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow and shews an angry eye;

And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;

But great men tremble, when the lion roars;

And *Humphry* is no little man in *England*.

First note, that he is near you in descent;

And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no policy,

(Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,

And his advantage following your decease)

That he should come about your royal person,

Or be admitted to your Highness' council.

By

By flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts :
 And when he'll please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er grow the garden ;
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care, I bear unto my Lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond call it a woman's fear :
 Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my allegation if you can ;
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this Duke.
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your Grace's tale.
 The Dutches, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputed of his high descent,
 As next the King he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Dutches
 By wicked means to frame our sov'reign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep ;
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sov'reign ; *Glo'ster* is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
 Levy great sums of money through the realm
 For soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it ?
 By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown ;
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once, the care you have of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,

Is

Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
 Our kinsman *Glo'ster* is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person,
 As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
 The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond
 affiance?

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;
 For he's disposed as the hateful Raven.
 Is he lamb? his skin is, surely, lent him;
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
 Who cannot steal a shape, that mean's deceit?
 Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord *Somerset*; what news from *France*?

Som. That all your int'rest in those territories
 Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, Lord *Somerset*; but God's will
 be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
 As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.
 Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
 And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
 But I will remedy this gear ere long,
 Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King!
 Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, *Glo'ster*, know, that thou art come too soon,
 Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art;
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
 Nor change my countenance for this Arrest:
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The

The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribe of
France.

And, being protector, staid the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost *France.*

Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they, that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France.*
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for *England.*
That do it that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of;
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender's tears;
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My Lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his Highness name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry.

K. *Henry*. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious Lord, these days are dangerous;
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' Land.
I know, their complot is to have my life:
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.

But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beauford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk's* cloudy brow his storm'd hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart:
And, dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.

And you my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up,
My liefeft Liege to be mine enemy:

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
(Myself had notice of your conventicles)

And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:

The antient proverb will be well effected,

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.

If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,

'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our fovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
False allegations, to o'erthrow his ſtate.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer ſpoke, than meant; I loſe, indeed;
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your priſoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.

Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide;
And wolves are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*]

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wiſdom ſeemeth beſt,
Do or undo, as if ourſelf were here.

Q. Ma. What, will your Highneſs leave the Parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whoſe flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round engirt with miſery:

For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?

Ah, uncle *Humphry*! in thy face I ſee

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;

And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith;

What low'ring ſtar now envies thy eſtate?

That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,

Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life,

That never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong.

And as the butcher takes away the calf,

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrives, (7)

(7) *And as the Butcher takes away the calf,*

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays.] But how
can it ſtray, when it is bound? The Poet certainly intended, when
it ſtrives; i. e. when it ſtruggles to get looſe. And ſo he elſe-
where employs this Word.

Dr. Thirlby.

Bearing

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house :
 Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling loss :
 Even so myself bewail good *Glo'ster's* case
 With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dim'd eyes
 Look after him, and cannot do him good :
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.
 His fortune's I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
 Say, who's a traitor ? *Glo'ster* he is none. [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
 hot beams.

Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity ; *Glo'ster's* shew
 Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers :
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowry bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
 Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
 (And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
 This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy ;
 But yet we want a colour for his death :
 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law,

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy ;
 The King will labour still to save his life,
 The commons haply rise to save his life,
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, *York*, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York*, that hath more reason for his death.
 But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
 Say as you think, and speak it from your souls :
 Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's protector ?

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madnes, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock;
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As *Humphry* prov'd by reasons to my Liege;
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble *Suffolk*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: And now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly, who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To signify that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Englishmen* unto the sword:
Send succours, Lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a regent thither :

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd :

Witness the fortune he hath had in *France*.——

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in *France* ſo long.

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done :

I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.

Shew me one ſcar, character'd on thy ſkin :

Men's fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :

No more, good *York* ; ſweet *Somerſet*, be ſtill.

Thy fortune, *York*, haſt thou been regent there,

Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

York. What, worſe than nought ? nay, then a ſhame
take all !

Som. And, in the number, thee that wiſheſt ſhame !

Car. My Lord of *York*, try what your fortune is ;

Th' uncivil kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,

And temper clay with blood of *Engliſhmen*.

To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,

Collected choicely from each county ſome,

And try your hap againſt the *Irishmen* ?

York. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.

Suf. Why, our Authority is his conſent ;

And what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms ;

Then, noble *York*, take thou this taſk in hand.

York. I am content : provide me ſoldiers, Lords,

Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will ſee perform'd :

But now return we to the falſe Duke *Humphry*.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,

That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more ;

And ſo break off : the day is almoſt ſpent :

Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that event.

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days
At *Bristol* I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for *Ireland*.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. [Exeunt.]

Manet York.

York. Now, *York*, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring time show'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved Snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breast, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in *England* some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,)
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* man,
John Cade of *Ashford*,
'To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:

And,

And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag hair'd crafty kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And giv'n me notice of their villanies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.
 By this, I shall perceive the Commons' mind ;
 How they affect the house and claim of *York*.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd and tortured ;
 I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive ; as 'tis great like, he will ;
 Why, then, from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;
 For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me. [Exit.

S C E N E, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the murder of Duke Humphry.

1. **R**UN to my Lord of *Suffolk* ; let him know,
 We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
 2. Oh, that it were to do ! what have we done ?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.
Suf. Now, Sir, have you dispatch'd this thing ?
 1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house ;
 I will reward you for this vent'rous deed :
 The King and all the Peers are here at hand.——
 Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions ?

C 2

1. Yes,

1. Yes, my good Lord.

Suf. Away, be gone.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go, call our Uncle to our presence strait :
Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble Lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Henry. Lords, take your places : and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle *Glo'ster*,
'Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
'That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Henry. I thank thee : Well, these words content me
much. (8)

Enter Suffolk.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest thou ?
Where is our Uncle ? what is the matter, *Suffolk* ?

(8) *I thank thee, Nell, these words content me much.*] This is
King Henry's Reply to his Wife *Margaret*. Our Poet, I remember,
in his *King John*, makes *Faulconbridge* the Bastard, upon his first
stepping into Honour, say, that he will study to forget his old Ac-
quaintance ;

*And if his Name be George, I'll call him Peter ;
For new-made Honour doth forget Mens Names.*

But, surely, this is wide of King Henry's Case ; and it can be no
Reason why he should forget his own Wife's Name ; and call her
Nell instead of *Margaret*. As the Change of a single Letter sets all
right, I am willing to suppose it came from his Pen thus ;

I thank thee : Well, these Words content me much.

King Henry was a Prince of great Piety and Meekness, a great
Lover of his Uncle *Gloucester*, whom his Nobles were rigidly perse-
cuting : and to whom he suspected the Queen bore no very good
Will in her Heart : But finding her, beyond his hopes, speak so
candidly in the Duke's Case, he is mightily comforted and contented
at her impartial Seeming.

Suf.

Suf. Dead in his bed my Lord; *Glo'ster* is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King
is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. M. Run, go, help, help: oh, *Henry*, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious *Henry*, comfort.

K. Hen. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk;
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster's* dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I, how the world may deem of me?

For, it is known, we were but hollow friends :
 It may be judg'd, I made the Duke away ;
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach :
 This get I by his death : ah, me unhappy !
 To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched man !

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face ?
 I am no loathsome leper ; look on me.
 What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf ?
 Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* tomb ?
 Why, then, dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.
 Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
 And twice by adverse winds from *England's* bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime ?
 What boaded this ? but well-fore-warning winds
 Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest :
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
 What did I then ? but curst the gentle gusts,
 And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves ;
 And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock :
 Yet *Æolus* would not be a murderer ;
 But left that hateful office unto thee.
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;
 Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
 The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides ;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish *Margaret*.
 As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm ;
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy Land's view,

I took

I took a costly jewel from my neck,
 (A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
 And threw it tow'ards thy Land; the sea receiv'd it,
 And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart.
 And ev'n with this I lost fair *England's* view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 And call them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of *Albion's* wished Coast.
 How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To sit and witch me, as *Ascanius* did, (9)
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*?
 Am I not witcht like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more: die, *Margaret*!
 For *Henry* weeps, that thou do'st live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many
 Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
 That good Duke *Humphry* traiterously is murder'd
 By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford's* means:
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down;
 And care not who they sting in their revenge.

(9) *To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did,
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy;*]
 The Poet here is unquestionably alluding to *Virgil*, (*Æneid*. I) but
 he strangely blends Fact with Fiction. In the first Place, it was
Cupid, in the Semblance of *Ascanius*, who set in *Dido's* Lap, and
 was fondled by her. But then it was not *Cupid*, who related to
 her the Process of *Troy's* Destruction, but it was *Æneas* himself, who
 related this History. Again, how did the supposed *Ascanius* sit and
 watch her? *Cupid* was ordered, while *Dido* mistakenly carested him,
 to bewitch and infect her with Love. To this Circumstance the
 Poet certainly alludes; and, unless he had wrote, as I have restored
 to the Text;

To sit and witch me,——
 Why should the Queen immediately draw this Inference
Am I not witch'd like her?

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my Liege: stay, *Salisbury*,
With the rude multitude, till I return. [*Warwick goes in.*]

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry's* life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears:
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[*Bed with Glo'ster's body put forth.*]

And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it, but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For, with his soul fled all my wordly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe, that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord *Warwick* for his vow.

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To

To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But see his face is black and full of blood ;
 His eyes-balls farther out, than when he liv'd ;
 Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man ;
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling :
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 And tugg'd for life ; and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;
 His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd :
 It cannot be, but he was murder'd here :
 The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death ?
 Myself and *Beauford* had him in protection ;
 And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murderers.

War. But both of you have vow'd duke *Humphry's* death,
 And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep :
 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;
 And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these Noblemen,
 As guilty of Duke *Humphry's* timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
 Who finds the partidge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Ma. Are you the butcher, *Suffolk* ? where's your knife ?
 Is *Beauford* term'd a kite ? where are his talions ?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men ;
 But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scour'd in his ranc'rous heart,
 That flanders me with murder's crimson badge.
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,
 That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

War. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him ?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,

Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal Dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl: and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art;
And never of the *Nevills'* noble Race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;—
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;
And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* ghost. [*Exeunt.*]

K.H. What stronger breast plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this.

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful
 weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf.

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick*, with the men of *Bury*,
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the King shall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord *Suffolk* strait be done to death,
Or banished fair *England's* territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Palace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* died;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death.
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue,
That sily glided tow'rds your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe're you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is,
With whose invenomed and fatal sting
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord
of *Salisbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like, the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their Sovereign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how queint an orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,

Is,

Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all
break in.

K. Henry. Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so do them,
Yet did I purpose as they by entreat:
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolk's* means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breath infection in this air.
But three Days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh *Henry* let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable;
If after three days space thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come *Warwick*; come, good *Warwick*; go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. Henry, Warwick, &c.*

Manent Suffolk, and Queen.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's Discontent and four Affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations;
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fy, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,

As

As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract :
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste !
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks !
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings.
 Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss !
 And boading screech-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors in dark seated hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st thyself ;
 And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me entreat thee cease; give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woful monuments.
 Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee,
 So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
 'Tis but surmis'd, whilst thou art standing by :
 As one that surfeits, thinking on a Want.
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banished myself ;

And

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone——

Oh, go not yet—Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kifs, and take ten thousand leaves,

Loather a hundred times to part than die :

Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee !

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,

Once by the King and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;

A wilderness is populous enough,

So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.

For where thou art, there is the world itself ;

With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world :

And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life ;

Myself no joy in aught but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast ? what news, I
pr'ythee ?

Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty,

That Cardinal *Beauford* is at point of death :

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air.

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on eath,

Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry's* ghost

Were by his side ; sometimes, he calls the King ;

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his over-charged soul :

And I am sent to tell his Majesty,

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the King.

[Exit Vaux.]

Ay me ? what is this world ? what news are these ?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,

Omitting *Suffolk's* exile, my soul's treasure ?

Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,

And with the southern clouds contend in tears ?

Theirs for the earth's increase ; mine for my sorrows.

Now, get thee hence ; the King, thou know'st, is coming ;

If

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes;
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So, shouldst thou either turn my flying soul;
Or I should breathe it so into thy body;
And then it liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
Oh! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.

To *France*, sweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an *Iris*, that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E, *the Cardinal's Bedchamber.*

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
Cardinal in Bed.*

K. Henry. **H**OW fares my Lord? speak, *Beauford*,
to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou beest death, I'll give thee *England's* treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my Trial, when you will.

Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live whe're they will or no?

Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——

Alive again? then shew me, where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him——

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them;

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:

Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;

Oh, beat away the busy, meddling, fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heav'n's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign! O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,

And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Coast of Kent.*

Alarm. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and other Prisoners.

C A P T A I N.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves; and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darknes in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize:
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand;
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou, that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master, let me know.

Maft. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?

Cut both the villains' throats, for die you shall:

Nor can those lives, which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To Suffolk.*

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Capt.

Cap. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman ;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.——

Whit. And so am I ; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now ? why start'st thou ? what, doth death affright ?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die :
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not ;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword, we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !

Suf. Stay, *Whitmore* ; for thy prisoner is a Prince ;
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags ?

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I ?

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King *Henry's* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom :
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop ?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret* ?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n ;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth ?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain ?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt ; and so art thou.

Cap.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side,
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? Lord?

Ay, kennel——puddle——fink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where *England* drinks :
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing up the treasure of the realm ;
Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground ;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry*'s death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem !
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to *France* ;
The false revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us Lord ; and *Picardie*
Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevills* all,
(Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)
As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
And now the house of *York* (thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)
Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
Advance a half-fac'd Sun striving to shine ;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.
The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms :
And to conclude, reproach, and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away ! convey him hence.——

Suf. O, that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
Being

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :
 I go of message from the Queen to *France* ;
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter ———

Whit. Come, *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pænæ gelidus timor occupat artus* : it's thee I fear. (10)

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?

Gent. My gracious Lord, intreat him ; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolk's* imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
 Far be it, we should honour such as these
 With humble suit ; no ; rather let my head
 Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King ;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 True nobility is exempt from fear :
 More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more ;
 Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot,
 Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.

A *Roman* sworder and *Banditto* slave

Murder'd sweet *Tully* ; *Brutus'* bastard hand

Stabb'd *Julius Cæsar* ; savage Islanders

Pompey the Great : And *Suffolk* dies by Pirates.

[*Exit Walter Whitmore, with Suffolk.*

Cap. And as for these, whose ransom we have set,

(10) *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus.*] Thus the 1st *Folio* Impres-
 sion. Whence the Poet gleaned this *Hemistich*, I do not know.
 'Tis certain, the first Word is corrupted. I believe, I have restored
 it, as it ought to be. *Suffolk* would say, the Fear of that *Punish-*
ment, that *Revenge*, they were about to take upon him, put his
 Limbs into a cold trembling.

It

It is our pleasure one of them depart ;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exit Captain, and the rest.*]

Manet the first Gent. Enter Whitmore, with the body.

Whit. There let his head and liveless body lie,
Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit Whit.*]

I Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle !
His body will I bear unto the King ;
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to Southwark.*

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. C Ome, and get thee a sword though made of
a lath ; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I
say, it was never merry world in *England* since gentle-
men came up.

Bevis. O miserable age ! virtue is not regarded in
handy-crafts-men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good
workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation* ;
which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labour-
ing men ; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it ; for there's no better sign of
a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them ; there's *Best's* son, the
Tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make
dog's leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher :——

Bevis.

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver :——

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter *Cade*, *Dick the butcher*, *Smith the weaver*, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed father——

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes ; command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer*——

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*——

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*——

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Weav. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable ; and there was he born, under a hedge ; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that ; for I have seen him whipt three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half-

half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in *Cheapside* shall my palfry go to grafs; and when I am King, as King I will be——

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink upon my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their Lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of *Chatbam*; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour, unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. *Emanuel.*

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain dealing man?

Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir *Humpbry Stafford* and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, *Dick Butcher*. Rise up, Sir *Dick Butcher*. Now found up the drum.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of *Kent*, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; The King is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves, I pass not; It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer, And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade.

Cade. Marry, this.—*Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March* married the Duke of *Clarence*'s daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stoll'n away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age: His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, firrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake *Henry* the fifth (in whose time boys went to span-counter for *French* crowns) I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the Lord *Say*'s head, for selling the Dukedom of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go to then; I ask but this; can he, that speaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counsellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*;
That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May (even in their wives' and childrens' fight)
Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you, that be the King's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, with their Train.]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman;
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out
of order. Come, march forward.

[Exeunt Cade and his party.]

[Alarm to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.]

Re-enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Ashford*?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee: the
lent shall be as long as it is, and thou shalt have a license
to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This
monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall
be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to *London*,
where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open
the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
march towards *London*. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

S C E N E *changes to* Black-Heath.

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. **O**F T have I heard, that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body, that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to intreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. H. Lord Say, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?

Lamenting still, and mourning *Suffolk's* death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me,

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou
in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in *Southwark*; fly my Lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*,

Descended from the Duke of *Clarence*' house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.

His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a Power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
These *Kentish* rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mes.* *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, *Marg'ret*, God our hope will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord; trust not to *Kentish* rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E *changes to London.*

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three citizens below.

Scales. **H**OW now? is Jack Cade slain?

Cit. No, my Lord, nor like to be slain: for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the *Tower* to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid, as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself.

The rebels have assay'd to win the *Tower*.

But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,

And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*.

Fight for your King, your country and your lives,

And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E *changes to Cannon-Street.*

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. **N**OW is *Mortimer* Lord of this city, and here sitting upon *London-Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's cost the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now hence-forward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

Weav. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but first go and set *London-bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE *changes to* Smithfield.

Alarm. Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company.

Cade. SO, Sirs: Now go some and pull down the Savoy: others to the inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be fore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of *England*.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say which sold the town in *France*; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.— Ah, thou Say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monsieur *Bafimecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realm
in

in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*, —

Dick. What say you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this; 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.

I sold not *Maine*; I lost not *Normandy*;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life:
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks;
Because my book preferr'd me to the King:
And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,

Unless you be possesst with dev'lish spirits,
 Ye cannot but forbear to murder me:
 This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
 For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
 Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
 folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your
 good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make
 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens' causes
 Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
 help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be
 even with you. I'll see, if his head will stand steadier
 on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding;

This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live! ———

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but
 I'll bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so
 well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar
 under his tongue, he speaks not o' God's name. Go,
 take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently;
 and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James
 Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both
 upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,
 God

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye:
the proudest Peer of the Realm shall not wear a head on
his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not
a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maiden-
head ere they have it; men shall hold of me in *Capite*.
And we charge and command, that their wives be as
free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and
take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one ano-
ther; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now
part them again, lest they consult about the giving up
of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the spoil
of the City until night; for with these borne before us,
instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and
at every corner have them kiss. Away, [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Southwark.

*Alarm, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his
Rabblement.*

Cade. UP *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnus' Corner*, kill
and knock down; throw them into *Thames*.
[A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led;

And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his Pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so brave?
and you, base peasants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs
be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath
my sword therefore broke through *London's* gates, that
you should leave me at the *White-hart* in *Southwark*? I
thought, you would never have given out these arms, till
you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are
all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery
to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with bur-
dens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives
and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make
shift for one, and so God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil;
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in *London* streets,
Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry;
Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have lost;

Spare

Spare *England*, for it is your native coast.

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly :

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A *Clifford* ! a *Clifford* ! we'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude ? the name of *Henry* the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying ; in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you ; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base and ignominious treasons make me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

Buck. What, is he fled ? go some, and follow him.. And he, that brings his head unto the King, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers ; we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the King. [Exeunt omnes.

S C E N E, the Palace of Killingworth.

Sound trumpets. Enter *King Henry*, *Queen Margaret*, and *Somerfet* on the Terras.

K. H. **W**AS ever King that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I ?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old :
Was never subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter *Buckingham* and *Clifford*.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings to your Majesty !

K. Hen. Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd ?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield ;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and country :
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind :
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King ! God save the King !

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland* ;
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
Of gallow-glassies and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array :
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a traitor.

K. H. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and *York* distrest ;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straitway calm'd and boarded with a pirate. (11)

(11) *Is straitway claim'd, and boarded with a Pirate.* I doubt not but my Readers will agree, that I have restored to the Text its true Reading. After the violent Working of a Tempest, the Sea is, for the most part, totally becalmed. Besides, with Allusion to the King's Affairs, the Tempest of *Cade's* Rebellion was just blown over : the State was in a Calm, by that Insurrection being quieted : and immediately *York*, like an usurping Pirate, comes to seize the Vessel of Government. And again, which heightens the Justness of the Metaphor, a Calm is the most usual Occasion of Vessels being taken by Pirates ; which, by the Use of their Sails, they might otherwise escape.

But

But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men dispers'd ;
And now is *York* in arms to second him.

I pray thee, *Backingham*, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms :

Tell him, I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower* ;

And, *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,

Until his army be diſmiſt from him.

Som. My Lord,

I'll yield myſelf to priſon willingly,

Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any caſe be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord ; and doubt not ſo to deal,
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better ;
For yet may *England* curſe my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. **F**I E on ambitions ; fy on myſelf, that have a
ſword, and yet am ready to ſaniſh. Theſe
five days have I hid me in theſe woods and durſt not
peep out, for all the country is laid for me : but now
am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life
for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Where-
fore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to
ſee if I can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while,
which is not amiſs to cool a man's ſtomach this hot
weather ; and, I think, this word ſallet was born to do
me good ; for many a time, but for a ſallet, my brain-
pan had been cleft with a brown bill ; and many a time
when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath
ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now
the word ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord ! who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe ?

This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,

Contenteth

Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
 I seek not to wax great by others' waining;
 Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
 Sufficeth, that I have, maintains my state;
 And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the foil come to seize me
 for a stray, for entring his fee-simple without leave.
 Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand
 crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but
 I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow
 my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Idea. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
 I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
 Is't not enough to break into my garden,
 And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was
 broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have
 eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy
 five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door-
 nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Idea. Nay, it shall never be said while *England* stands,
 That *Alexander Idea* an Esquire of *Kent*,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine,
 See, if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:
 Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
 Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
 Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon.
 My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
 As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion
 that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or
 cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chins of beef ere
 thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my knees
 thou may'st be turned into hob-nails. [*Here they fight.*
 O I

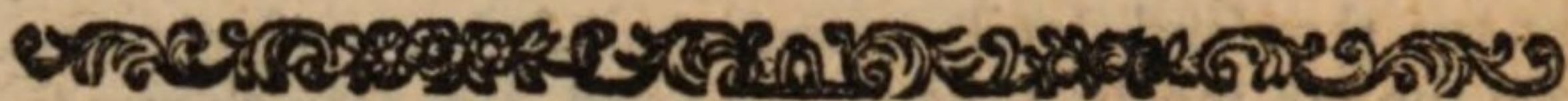
O I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me;
let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.
Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to
all that do dwell in this house; because the uncon-
quer'd soul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. *Iden*, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all
the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any,
am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge!
Die damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.





A C T V.

SCENE, in the fields near London.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

Y O R K.

FROM *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his Right,
 And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henry's* head.
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To entertain great *England's* lawful King!
 Ah Majesty! who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule.
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.
 A scepter shall it have, have I a soul,
 On which I'll toss the Flower-de-luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to disturb me?
 The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting,
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from *Henry* our dread Liege,
 To know the reason of these arms in peace?
 Or why, thou, being a subject as I am,
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave?
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court?

York.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
 Oh! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint.
 I am so angry at these abject terms.
 And now, like *Ajax Telemonius*,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
 I am far better born than is the King:
 More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
 But I must make fair weather yet a while,
 Till *Henry* be more weak and I more strong.
 O *Buckingham*! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have giv'n no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
 Seditious to his Grace and to the State.

[*Aside.*]

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
 The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the *Tower*.

York. Upon thine Honour is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honour he is prisoner?

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do dismiss my Powers.
 Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 Meet me to-morrow in *St. George's* field,
 You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
 And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
 Command my eldest son; nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
 Is his to use, so *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission,
 We twain will go into his Highness' tent. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

SCENE changes to the King's Pavilion.

Enter King Henry and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham, and York, attended.

K. Hen. **B**uckingham, doth York intend no Harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebel Cade;
Whom, since, I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a King,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how just
art thou?

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend; art thou the man, that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name.
A poor Esquire of Kent, that love's the King.

Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; rise up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden, live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. For thousand *Yorks* he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now? is *Somerſet* at liberty?
Then, *York*, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet*?

False King! why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how harſdly I can brook abuſe?

King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor,

That head of thine doth not become a crown:

Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,

And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.

That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine,

Whoſe ſmile and frown (like to *Achilles'* ſpear)

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,

And with the ſame to act controlling laws:

Give place; by heav'n, thou ſhalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee, *York*,

Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and crown;

Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail; (12)

Wouldſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me aſk of theſe,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

I know, ere they will let me go to ward,

They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,

To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of *York*

Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-beſpotted *Neapolitan*,

Out-caſt of *Naples*, *England's* bloody ſcourge!

(12) *Wouldſt have me kneel? Firſt let me aſk of theſe,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.*

Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail.] As theſe Lines have hitherto ſtood, I think the Senſe perplexed and obſcure. I have ventured to tranſpoſe them, and make a ſlight Alteration, by the Advice of my ingenious Friend *Mr. Warburton*,

The

The sons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,
 Shall be their father's bail, and bale to those (13)
 That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come ; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my Lord the King!

York. I thank thee, *Clifford*; say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :

We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again ;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake ;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do ;

To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad ?

K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
 Makes him oppose himself against his King.

Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,

And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey :

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here ?

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor ;

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs ;

Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

(13) *Shall be their Father's Bail and Bane to those,*] Considering, how our Author loves to play on Words similar in their Sound, but opposite in their Signification, I make no Doubt but I have here restored his genuine Reading. *Bale*, (from whence our common Adjective, *baleful*) signifies, *Detriment*, *Ruin*, *Misfortune*, &c.

Enter

Enter the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur,
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail between his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord *Warwick*.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Henry. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why, art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned Duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to *England's* royal Seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. He. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,

To

To force a spotless virgin's chastity.

To' reave the orphan of his patrimony.

To wring the widow from her custom'd right,

And have no other reason for his wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Cliff. The first I warrant thee ; if dreams prove true.

War. You had best go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Cliff. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to day ;
And that I'll write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy House's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old *Nevill's* crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the rugged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Cliff. And from thy Burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt.
Despight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.

Y. Cliff. And so to Arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fy, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Cliff. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in Heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to a Field of Battle at St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. **C**lifford of Cumberland, 'tis *Warwick* calls ;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
(Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,

And

And dying mens' cries do fill the empty air,) *Clifford*, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern Lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, *Warwick*: seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then nobly, *York*; 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, *York*? why dost thou
pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy Prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in Justice and true Right expresses it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both! —

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly. [*Fight.*

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still;
Peace with his soul, heav'n, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder; and disorder wounds,
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,

Throw

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier fly.
 He, that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; for he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his dead father.*]

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heav'n together:
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease! Wast thou ordained, O dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
 The silver livery of advised age:
 And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this fight
 My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. *York* not our old men spares:
 No more will I their babes: Tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And Beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
 Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild *Medea* young *Absyrtus* did.
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* house:
 As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* bear,
 So I bear thee upon my manly shoulders;
 But then *Aeneas* bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit bearing off his Father.*]

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there: [Somerfet is killed.
 For underneath an ale-house' paltry Sign, (14)

The

(14) *For underneath an Alehouse paltry Sign,
 The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
 Hath made the Wizard famous in his Death.]*

The

The Castle in St. *Albans*, *Somerset*

Hath made the Wizard famous in his death ;
Sword, hold thy temper ; heart be wrathful still :
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

[*Exit Richard Plantagenet.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,
and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are slow ; for shame, away.

K. Hen. Can we out run the heav'ns ! good *Marg' ret*, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of ? you'll not fight, nor fly :
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarm afar off.*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes ; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to *London* get, where you are lov'd ;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly ;
But fly you must : incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief ; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my Lord, away !

[*Exeunt.*

The Death of *Somerset* here accomplishes that equivocal Prediction
given by *Jordan*, the Witch, concerning the Duke ; which we met
with at the Close of the First *Act* of this Play :

Let him shun Castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy Plains,

Than where Castles, mounted, stand.

i. e. the Representation of a Castle, mounted for a Sight.

VOL. V.

E

Alarum.



Alarm. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers with Drum and Colours.

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And like a Gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to day;
By th' Mass, so did we all. I thank you, *Richard*.
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, Lords, we have not got That which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the Writs go forth.
What says Lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. Alban's battle, won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.

THE



H. Gravelot. in Vol. 5. P. 99.

G. V. Gucht Scul



THE
THIRD PART
OF
King *HENRY* VI.

With the DEATH of the
DUKE of *YORK*.



Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Edward, Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.

Duke of Somerset,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Exeter,

Earl of Westmorland.

Lord Clifford,

Earl of Richmond, a Youth, afterwards King Henry VII.

Richard, Duke of York.

Edward, eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.

George, Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.

Edmund, Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Sir William Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.

Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.

Sir John Montgomery.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and Aldermen of York.

Somerville.

Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.

Lewis, King of France.

Bourbon, Admiral of France.

Queen Margaret,

Bona, Sister to the French King.

Lady Gray, Widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward.

*In Part of the Third Act, the SCENE is laid in France ;
during all the rest of the Play, in England.*

The



The THIRD PART of (1)
King HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, London.

Alarm. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

WARWICK.

Wonder, how the King escap'd our hands!
I York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of
the north.

He slyly stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

(1) *The Third Part of King Henry VI.] The action of this Play (which was at first printed under this Title, The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good K. Henry VIth: or, the Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster) opens just after the first Battle at St. Albans, wherein the York Faction carried the day; and closes with the Murder of K. Henry VI. and the Birth of Prince Edward afterwards King Edward V. So that this History takes in the Space of full sixteen Years.*

Chear'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
 Lord *Clifford*, and Lord *Stafford*, all a-breast,
 Charg'd our main battle's front ; and, breaking in,
 Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford's* father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow :

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire's* blood ;
 Whom I encounter'd, as the battles join'd ;

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.*]

York. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my Sons :
 Is his Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset* ?

Norf. Such Hope have all the Line of *John* of *Gaunt* !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry's* head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of *York*,
 Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
 Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
 I vow by heav'n, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of that fearful King,
 And this the regal Seat ; possess it, *York* ;
 For this is thine, and not King *Henry's* heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will ;
 For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk* ; stay by me, my Lords,
 And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence ;
 Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
 But little thinks, we shall be of her Council ;
 By words or blows here let us win our Right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
 Unless *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King ;
 And bashful *Henry* depos'd ; whose cowardise
 Hath made us By-words to our enemies.

York.

York. Then leave me not; my Lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my Right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a wing, if *Warwick* shake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*; root him up, who dare:
Resolve thee, *Richard*; claim the *English* crown.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Ev'n in the chair of state; belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,)
T'aspire unto the crown, and reign as King.

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father:
And thine, Lord *Clifford*; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of *Westmorland*.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliment
Let us assail the family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin, be it so.

K. Henry. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from *Henry's* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament-house.

Cousin of *Exeter*, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to use.

Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my throne;

[*To the Duke.*

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Sovereign.

York, Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke of *York*.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

War. True, *Clifford*; and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thyself.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaster*;
And that the Lord of *Westmorland* shall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor *Clifford*! how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose:

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace.

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to speak,

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too;
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. H. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandfire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in *France*,

And now in *England* to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding sheet: why faint you, Lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. *Henry* the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the crown to *Henry* the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of thee.

North. Thou art deceiv'd : 'tis not thy southern power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him, that slew my father!

K. Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart!

York. *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill this house with armed men;
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Let me but reign in quiet, while I live.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this to *England* and himself?

West. Base, fearful and despairing *Henry*!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour 'bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of *York*;
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!——

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!——

[*Exeunt Nor. Clif. Westm.*]

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, *Exeter*!——

War.

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

K. Kenry. Not for myself, Lord *Warwick*, but my son?
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it, as it may; I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war; and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy King and Sovereign:
Neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King *Henry*! *Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons?

York. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurst be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*]

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk and Montague.*]

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her
anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Henry. So, *Exeter*, will I. [Going.]

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee——

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extreams?

Ah, wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourisht him, as I did, with my blood;

Thou

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :
If you be King, why should not I succeed ?

K. Hen. Pardon me, *Marg'ret* ; pardon me, sweet son ;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Qu. Enforc'd thee ? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd ?
I shame to hear thee speak ; ah, tim'rous wretch !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;
And given unto the house of *York* such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and's heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time ?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of *Calais* ;
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow seas ;
The Duke is made Protector of the realm ;
And yet shalt thou be safe ?—such safety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour :
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed ;
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern Lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of *York*.

Thus I do leave thee ; come, son, let's away ;
Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Qu. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me ?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies——

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,

I'll see your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown; and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three Lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And, as I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Sandal-Castle, near Wake-*
field, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. **B** Rother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention. (2)

York. About what?

Rich. About that, which concerns your Grace and us;
The crown of *England*, father; which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

(2) *No Quarrel, but a slight Contention.*] Thus the Players, first, in their Edition; who did not understand, I presume, the force of the Epithet in the old *Quarto*, which I have restored;—sweet *Contention*. i. e. the Argument of their Dispute was upon a grateful Topick; the Question of their Father's immediate Right to the Crown.

Edw.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving th' house of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid, your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can'st not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate ;

That hath authority o'er him, that swears.

Henry had none ; but did usurp the place.

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous ;

Therefore, to arms : and, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;

Within whose circuit is *Elysium*,

And all that Poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry's* heart.

York. *Richard*, enough : I will be King, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,

And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.

Thou, *Richard*, shalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, *Edward*, shall unto my Lord *Cobham*,

With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.

In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,

Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit. (3)

While

(3) Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.] What a blessed harmonious Line have the Editors given us, and what a promising Epithet, in *York's* behalf, from the *Kentishmen* being so witty ? I cannot be so partial, however, to my own Country, as to let this Compliment pass. I make no doubt to read ;

————— For they are Soldiers,
Wealthy, and courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.

Now

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
 But that I seek occasion how to rise?
 And yet the King not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of *Lancaster*.

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
 Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
 She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my Lord.

York. Ay,—with my sword. What! think'st thou,
 that we fear them?

Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me;
 My brother *Montague* shall post to *London*.
 Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
 Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple *Henry* nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Montague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Uncles,
 You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
 The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
 A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

Now these five Characteristicks answer to Lord *Say's* Description of
 them in the preceeding Play.

Kent, in the *Commentaries* *Cæsar* writ,
 Is term'd the civil'st Place in all this Isle;
 The People liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Edw.

Edw. I hear their drums : let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle strait.

York. Five men to twenty ! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one :
Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarm. Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Field of Battle betwixt Sandal-Castle
and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. **A**H, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands ?
Ah, Tutor, look, where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away ! thy priesthood saves thy life ;
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah ! *Clifford*, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man,

[*Exit, drag'd off.*]

Clif. How now ? is he dead already ? or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes ? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws ;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die :

I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy : my father's blood
Hath

Hath stoppt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again :
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me :

No, if I digg'd up thy forefather's graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slack mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of *York*,
Is as a fury to torment my soul :

And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death :
To thee I pray——sweet *Clifford*, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm ; why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;

Left in revenge thereof, (sith God is just)

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[*Clifford stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tue !* [*Dies.*

Clif. *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet* !

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congeval'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarm. Enter *Richard Duke of York.*

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field :

My Uncles both are slain in rescuing me,

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn

Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons, God knows, what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life or death.
 Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
 And thrice cry'd, Courage, father ! fight it out :
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
 With purple falchion painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge ! and give no foot of ground ;
 And cry'd, a crown, or else a glorious tomb,
 A scepter or an earthly sepulchre.
 With this we charg'd again ; but out ! alas,
 We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarm within.*]

Ah ! hark, the fatal followers do pursue.
 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury.
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
 The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince
 of Wales, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage :
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
 With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
 Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
 A bird that will revenge upon you all :
 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,

Scorning

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So Doves do peck the Faulcon's piercing talons;
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeles of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that flanders him with cowardise,
Whose frown hath made thee faint, and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee, word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*; for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:

Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

North. Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all 'vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*In the Struggle York is taken Prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-macht.

Nor. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What! was it you, that would be *England's* King?

Was't you, that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mees of sons to back you now,

The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?

And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,

Dicky

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in mutinies ?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland* ?

Look, *York* ; I stain'd this napkin with the blood,

That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point

Made issue from the bosom of the boy :

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas ! poor *York* ; but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York*.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for *Rutland's* death ?

Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus :

Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport :

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.

A crown for *York*—and, Lords, bow low to him :

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a Paper Crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King :

Ay, this is he, that took King *Henry's* chair ;

And this is he, was his adopted heir.

But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?

As I bethink me, you should not be King

Till our King *Henry* had shook hands with death..

And will you pale your head in *Henry's* glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable :

Off with the crown ; and with the crown, his head ;

And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the oraisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of *France*, but worse than wolves of

France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !

How

How ill befeeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless:

Thy father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
Yet not so wealthy as an *English* yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unless the adage must be verify'd,
“That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.”
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God, he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the *Septentrion*.
Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish.
Wouldst thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet *Rutland's* obsequies;
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death.
Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*; and thee, false *French* woman.
North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so;

That

That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his
The hungry Canibals would not have touch'd,
Would not have stain'd the roses juic'd with blood: (4)
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrkania*.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"——
There, take the crown; and with the crown, my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads,

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

(4) *Would not have stain'd the Roses just with Blood.*] This Reading we deriv'd from the 2d *Folio* Edition. The old *Quarto* and the 1st *Folio* Impression exhibit the Passage thus.

That Face of his the hungry Canibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with Blood.

But how are we to understand, *Staining the Roses just with Blood*? Can the Poet mean, that the *Canibals* wou'd not have just stain'd the Roses in his Cheeks with Blood; The Position of the Words is forc'd, to admit of this Construction: and, *just*, seems a very idle Expletive. The Conjecture, with which I have restor'd the Text, I think, retrieves the Poet's Thought.

Would not have stain'd the Roses juic'd with Blood.

i. e. would not have spilt that Blood, whose Juices shone through his young Cheeks, bright as the Vermillion Dye in Roses.

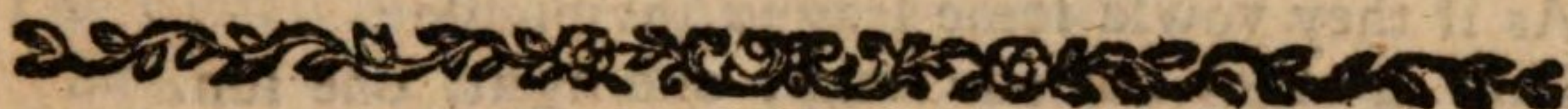
Clif.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*]

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

York. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.
[*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his head and set it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the town of *York*.
[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

SCENE, *near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.*

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Power.

E D W A R D.

I Wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'sap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right-valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled *Clifford* forth;
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.

See,

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss;
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave,
I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *York* was slain;
Your princely father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
Against the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds;
And many stroaks, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm

Of

Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen ;
 Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight ;
 Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
 The ruthless Queen gave him to dry his cheek,
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain ;
 And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
 They set the same ; and there it doth remain
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon !
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
 Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford* ! thou hast slain
 The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry,
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him ;
 For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee.
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest !
 For never henceforth shall I joy again.
 Never, oh never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden :
 For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast !
 And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
 Tears then for babes ; blows and revenge for me !
Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll 'venge thy death ;
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagle's bird,
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
 Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague, and
their army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news
abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told;
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

Edw. O *Warwick*! *Warwick*! That *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I then in *London*, keeper of the King,
Must'rd my Soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends:
March'd towards *St. Albans* t' intercept the Queen;
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King *Henry's* oath, and your succession:
Short tale to make, we at *St. Albans* met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail.

Fell

Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends,
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great reward;
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight:
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
 So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
 Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk* and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:
 For in the marches here we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with his power;
 And for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, *Dutchess* of *Burgundy*,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er, till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear:
 For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry's* head,
 And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
 Were he as famous and as bold in war,
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*; blame me not;
 'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
 But in this troublous time what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 If for the last, say, ay; and to it, Lords.

War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out;
 And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.
 Attend me, Lords: the proud insulting Queen,
 With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
 And of their feather many more proud birds,

Have wrought the easy-melting King, like wax.
 He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath inrolled in the parliament :
 And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
 May make against the house of *Lancaster*,
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
 Now if the help of *Norfolk* and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of *March*,
 Amongst the loving *Welshmen* canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand :
 Why, *Via!* to *London* will we march amain ;
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry, charge upon our foes !——
 But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great *Warwick* speak :
 Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
 That cries, retire,——if *Warwick* bid him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy shoulder will I lean,
 And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
 Must *Edward* fall, which peril heaven forefend !

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York* ;
 The next degree is *England's* royal throne :
 For King of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along :
 And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Montague*,
 Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown ;
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as steel,
 As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums ; God and St. *George* for us !

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now ? what news ?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,
 The Queen is coming with a puissant host ;

And

And craves your company for speedy counfel.

War. Why then it ferts ; brave warriors, let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E *changes to* York.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.

Qu. **W**elcome, my Lord, to this brave town of *York*.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That fought to be encompass't with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord ?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear their wreck ;

To see this sight, it irks my very soul :
With-hold revenge, dear God ; tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside :
To whom do Lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast, that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown ;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows.
He but a Duke, would have his son a King ;
And raise his issue, like a loving fire ;
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him ;
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings,

Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my Liege, make them your precedent.
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
 And long hereafter say unto his child,
 What my great grandfather and grandfire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away!
 Ah, what a shame was this! look on the boy,
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force:
 But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,
 That things ill got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
 Ah, Cousin *York*: 'would, thy best friends did know,
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are nigh;
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint;
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son,
 Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight;
 And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readinefs ;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York* :
And in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him King ; and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highnefs would depart the field :
The Queen hath beft fuccefs, when you are abfent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll ftay.

North. Be it with refolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer thefe noble Lords,
And hearten thofe that fight in your defence :
Unfheath your fword, good father ; cry, *St. George* !

March. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And fet thy Diadem upon my head ;
Or 'bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King ?

Edw. I am his King, and he fhould bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his confent ;
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caufed him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own fon in.

Clif. And reason too :
Who fhould fucceed the father, but the fon ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ? O, I cannot fpeak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I ftand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudeft of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not ?

Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you speak?

When you and I met at *St. Albans* last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.——

Break off the parle, for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.

Cliff. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*:

But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That *Clifford's* manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, *Henry*, shall I have right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For *York* in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no wrong, but ev'ry thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire or dam,

But

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided ;
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of *Naples* hid with *English* guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus* ;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop :
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day,
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home :
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept ;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claim until another age.

Cla. But when we saw, our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the ax to thy usurping root ;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee ;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, *Edward*——

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to a Field of Battle at Ferribridge
in Yorkshire.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. **F**Ore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe :
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength ;
And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n ! or strike, ungentle death !
For this world frowns, and *Edward's* sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap ? what hope of
good ?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, (5)
Broach'd

(5) *Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk,*] This Passage, from the Variation of the Copies, gave me no little Perplexity. The old Quarto applies this Description to the Death of *Salisbury*, *Warwick's* Father. But this was a notorious Deviation from the Truth of History. For the Earl of *Salisbury* in the Battle at *Wakefield*,

Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* lance :
 And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
 (Like to a dismal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge ; brother, revenge my death.
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoaking blood ;
 The noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood ;
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly :
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting Actors ?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 Till either Death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or Fortune give me measure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
 And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.
 And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up, and plucker down, of Kings !
 Beseeching thee, (if with thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey)
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul. —
 Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again ;
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; and, gentle *Warwick*,

field, wherein *Richard* Duke of *York* lost his Life, was taken prisoner, beheaded at *Pomfret*, and his Head, together with the Duke of *York's*, fix'd over *York* Gates. Then, the only Brother of *Warwick*, introduc'd in this Play, is the Marquis of *Montacute* : (or *Montague*, as he is call'd by our Author :) but he does not die, till ten years after, in the Battle at *Barnet* ; where *Warwick* likewise was kill'd. The truth is, the Brother here mentioned, is no Person in the *Drama* : and his Death is only an incidental Piece of History. Consulting the Chronicles, upon this Action at *Ferribridge*, I find him to have been a natural Son of *Salisbury*, (in that respect, a Brother to *Warwick*;) and esteem'd a valiant young Gentleman.

Let

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe ;
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away : once more, sweet Lords, farewell.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops ;
 And give them leave to fly, that will not stay ;
 And call them pillars that will stand to us ;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards,
 As victors wear at the *Olympian* games.
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
 For yet is hope of life and victory ;
 Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excursions. Enter Richard, and Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
 Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
 And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
 This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father *York* ;
 And this the hand, that slew thy brother *Rutland* ;
 And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death ;
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy fire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself :
 And so, have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, *Warwick*, single out some other chase,
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way like a mighty sea

Forc'd

Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered ;
So is the equal poize of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down :
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many makes the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time ;
So many hours, must I tend my flock ;
So many hours, must I take my rest ;
So many hours, must I contemplate ;
So many hours, must I sport myself ;
So many days, my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
Past over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah ! what a life were this ! how sweet, how lovely !
Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy

To

To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O, yes it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a Prince's delicacies,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

Alarm. Enter a Son, that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body. —
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns ;
 And I that, haply, take them from him now,
 May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 Who's this ! oh God ! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd :
 Oh heavy times, begetting such events !
 From *London* by the King was I prest forth ;
 My father, being the Earl of *Warwick's* man,
 Came on the part of *York*, prest by his master ;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did ;
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks :
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

Enter

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold :
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see : is this our foe-man's face ?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only son !
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes ; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miserable age !
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
O boy ! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. H. Woe above woe ; grief, more than common grief !
O, that my death would stay these rueful deeds !
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth :
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd ?

Son. Was ever son, so rude a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son ?

K. Henry. Was ever King, so griev'd for subjects' woe ?
Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit.*

Fath.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell:
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;
For I have murder'd, where I should not kill. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much over-gone with care,
Here sits a King more woeful than you are.

*Alarms. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales,
and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my Lord, towards *Berwick* post
again.

Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed:
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter*;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [*Exeunt.*

A loud Alarm. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out: ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaster*! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee; [*Falling.*
And,

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
 Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning mis-proud *York*.
 The common people swarm like summer flies;
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the Sun?
 And who shines now, but *Henry's* enemies?
 O *Phœbus*! hadst thou never giv'n consent
 That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth:
 And *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of *York*,
 They never then had sprung like summer flies.
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death;
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold our flight.
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity:
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
 Come *York* and *Richard*; *Warwick*, and the rest:
 I stabb'd your father's bosom; split my breast. [*He faints.*]

Alarm, and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Ed. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pause;
 And smoothe the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
 That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an Argosie to stem the waves.

But think you, Lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 For though before his face I speak the word,
 Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave:

And

And wherefoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [*Clifford groans.*]

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her hearty leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth;
But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, Duke of *York*.

War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think, his understanding is bereft:
Speak, *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words,

Rich. *Clifford*, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootless penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.

Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*, swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath:

I know

I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
 If this right hand would buy but two hours' life,
 That I in all despite might rail at him,
 'This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
 Stifle the villain, whose unslaked thirst
York and young *Rutland* could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.
 And now to *London* with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned *England's* royal King:
 From whence shall *Warwick* cut the sea to *France*,
 And ask the lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
 And having *France* thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz t'offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation;
 And then to *Britany* I'll cross the sea,
 T'effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat:
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel, and consent, is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*;
 And *George*, of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as ourself
 Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Glo'ster*;
 For *Glo'ster's* Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster*: now to *London*,
 To see these honours in possession, [Exeunt.



A C T III.

S C E N E, *a Wood in Lancashire.*

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their hands.

S I N K L O.

Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this land anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful fight:
No, *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee;
Thy balm washt off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suitors press to speak for Right:
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My Queen and son are gone to *France* for aid,
And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son! your labour is but lost:
For *Warwick* is a subtle orator:

And *Lewis*, a Prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him,

For she's a woman to be pitied much:

Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;

And *Nero* would be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for *Henry*;

He, on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.

She weeps, and says, her *Henry* is depos'd;

He smiles, and says, his *Edward* is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more!

While *Warwick* tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

And in conclusion wins the King from her;

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen, and support King *Edward*'s place.

O *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and
Queens?

K. H. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;

And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st, as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with diamonds and *Indian* Stones;

Not to be seen: my crown is call'd *Content*;

A crown it is, that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you must be contented
To go along with us. For as we think,
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd :
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

Hum. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was King of
England ?

Hum. Here, in this country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me ;
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

Sink. No, we were subjects but while you were King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe, a man ?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust ;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths, for of that sin

My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the King shall be commanded ;

And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the King, King *Edward*.

K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K.H. In God's name lead, your King's name be obey'd ;
And what God will, that let your King perform ;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Ed. **B** Rother of *Glo'ster*, at *St. Alban's* field
This lady's husband, Sir *John Gray*, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny;
Because, in quarrel of the house of *York*,
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. *Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind?

Glo. Silence.

K. *Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't please your Highness to resolve me now?
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. *E.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. *E.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant it then.

K. *E.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave;
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. *E.* Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

Gray.

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. E. And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. E. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. E. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Gray. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon?

Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. E. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a curt'fy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Gray. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Gray. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in prison.

K. E. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Gray. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me:
But,

But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
 Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
 Please you dismiss me, or with ay, or no.

K. *Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say, Ay, to my request:
 No; if thou dost say, no, to my demand.

Gray. Then, no, my Lord; my suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in christendom.

K. *Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,
 Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty;
 One way, or other, she is for a King;
 And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.
 Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord;
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. *Edw.* Sweet Widow, by my state I swear to thee,
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
 I know, I am too mean to be your Queen;
 And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. *Edw.* You cavil, Widow; I did mean, my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my sons should call
 you father.

K. *Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee
 mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing,
 To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. *Ed.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. *Edw.* You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my Lord?

K. *Edw.* Why, *Clarence*, to myself.

VOL. V.

G

Glo.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extreams.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, Brothers; I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along: Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for.

And yet between my soul's desire and me,

(The lustful *Edward's* Title buried)

Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his son young *Edward*;

And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms ere I can place myself.

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty,

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:

So do I wish, the Crown being so far off,

And so I chide the means that keep me from it;

And so (I say) I'll cut the causes off,

Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for *Richard*:

What other pleasure can the world afford!

I'll

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where fits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
As are of better person than myself;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, t'account this world but hell,
Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, (like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns.
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desp'rately to find it out)
Torment myself to catch the *English* crown.
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors, than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers, than the basilisk;

I'll play the orator, as well as *Nestor*;
 Deceive more flily, than *Ulysses* could;
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*:
 I can add colours ev'n to the camelion;
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
 And set the murd'rous *Machiavel* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to* France.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon,
 Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the
 Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. FAIR Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis sits.

Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's Queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this
 deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears;
 And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
 And sit thee by our side. Yield not thy neck
 [Seats her by him.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Qu. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts.
 And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
 Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis,

That

That *Henry*, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a King, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of *England's* true-anointed lawful King.

This is the cause, that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:

And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:

Our people and our Peers are both mis-led,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight,

K.L. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm;
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. L. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward's* greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee
to *France*? [He descends. She ariseth.

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindness and unfeigned love)

First to do greetings to thy royal person,

And then to crave a league of amity;

And lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That virtuous lady *Bona*, thy fair sister,

To *England's* King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done!

War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,

[Speaking to *Bona*.

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen. King *Lewis*, and lady *Bona*, hear me speak,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward*'s well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
'That *Henry* liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henry*'s son.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, that by this league and marriage
'Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For tho' usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret*! —————

Prince. And why not *Queen*?

War. Because thy father *Henry* did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince, than she is *Queen*.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*;
And, after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise Prince, *Henry* the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all *France*:
From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the sixth hath lost
All that which *Henry* the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these Peers of *France* should smile at that.
But, for the rest; you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdom's worth.

Ox. Why, *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not beray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now

Now buckler falshood with a pedigree ?
For shame, leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*,
Was done to death ? and more than so, my father ;
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, *Warwick*, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the house of *York*.

K. Lew. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with *Warwick*.

Queen. Heav'ns grant, that *Warwick's* words bewitch
him not ! [*They stand aloof.*]

K. L. Now, *Warwick*, tell me ev'n upon thy conscience,
Is *Edward* your true King ? for I were loth
To link with him, that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eyes ?

War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further ; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a Monarch like himself :
Myself have often heard him say and swear,
That this his love was an external plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun ;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to War.*]
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. L. Then, *Warwick*, this : our sister shall be *Edward's*
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your King must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witness,
That *Bona* shall be wife to th' *English* King.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henry's* friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward's* good success;
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than *France*.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless *Warwick*, peace!
Proud setter up and puller down of Kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy Lord's false love:

[*Post*, blowing a horn within.
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, this is some *Post* to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador, these letters are for you;
[*To Warwick.*

Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague*.

These, from our King unto your Majesty. [*To K. Lew.*
And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*To the Queen.* They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Mistress
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Pr. Nay, mark, how *Lewis* stamps as he were nettled.
I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew.

K. *Lew.* *Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours
fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. *Lew.* What! has your King marry'd the lady *Gray*?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance, that he seeks with *France*?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before;
This proveth *Edward's* love and *Warwick's* honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly blifs,
That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward's*:
No more my King; for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of *York*,
My father came untimely to his death;
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour?
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth, I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Que. *Warwick*, these words have turn'd my hate to love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults;
And joy, that thou becom'st King *Henry's* friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him,
And, as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this *English* Queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, *England's* messenger, return in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside;
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.—— [Exit Post.

K. Lew. But, *Warwick*,
Thyself and *Oxford* with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and give false *Edward* battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy, (6)

To

(6) I'll join my eldest Daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith,——] Surely, this is a Mistake of the Copyists.
Hall, in the 9th Year of King *Edward IV.* says, *Edward*, Prince of
Wales, wedded *Anne* SECOND Daughter to the Earl of *Warwick*.
And the Duke of *Clarence* was in Love with the ELDER, the Lady
Label;

To him forthwith, in holy wedlock' bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree and thank you for your motion.
Son *Edward*, she is fair and virtuous ;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick's* daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it :
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now; these soldiers shall be levy'd.
And thou, Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, till *Edward* fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*

War. I came from *Edward* as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a Stale, but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity *Henry's* misery,
But seek revenge on *Edward's* mockery. [Exit.

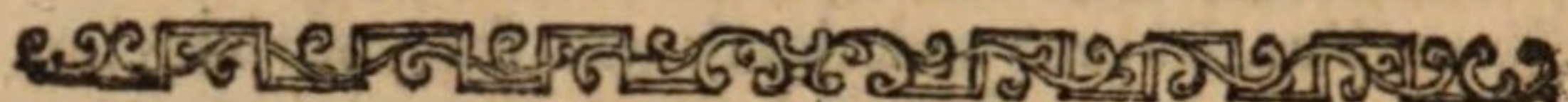
Isabel; and in reality was married to her five Years before Prince *Edward* took the Lady *Anne* to Wife.

And in *K. Richard* third, *Gloucester*, who married this Lady *Anne* when a Widow, says

For then I'll marry Warwick's YOUNGEST Daughter.

What tho' I kill'd her Husband and her Father ?

i. e. Prince *Edward*, and *K. Henry VI.* her Father-in Law. See likewise *Holingshead* in his Chronicle ; p. 671 and 674.



A C T IV.

SCENE, *the Palace in England.**Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.*

G L O U C E S T E R.

NOW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you,
Of this new marriage with the lady *Gray*?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*:
How could he stay till *Warwick* made Return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen,
Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on one
side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Ed. Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' Earl of
Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, and I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick's*, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King,
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I: no: God forbid, that I should wish
Them severed whom God hath join'd together:
Pity to funder them, that yoke so well.

K. Edw.

K. *Edw.* Setting your scorns and mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my wife and *England's* Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Montague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then, this is my opinion; that King *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. *Edw.* What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not *Montague*, that of itſelf
England is ſafe, if true within itſelf?

Mont. Yes; but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.

Hast. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the ſeas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourſelves:
In them, and in ourſelves, our ſafety lies.

Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Hastings* well deſerves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.

K. *Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my will ſhall ſtand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted Me or *Clarence*;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the heir
Of the Lord *Benwill* on your new wife's ſon,
And leave your brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.

K. *Edw.* Alas, poor *Clarence*! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Cl. In chuſing for yourſelf, you ſhew'd your judgment;
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave

To

To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;
What danger, or what sorrow, can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe;
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, Messenger, what letters or what news
from *France*?

Post. My sovereign Liege, no letters, and few words;
But such as I (without your special pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee:
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* to our letters?

Post. At my Depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over markers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike, he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said lady *Bona* to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. *Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* Queen ?
For so I heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him, (quoth she) my mourningweeds are done ;
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. *Edw.* Belike, she means to play the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries ?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words ;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong ;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. *Ed.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words ?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret* ?

Post. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in
friendship.

That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* daughter.

Cl. Belike the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder. (7)
Now, brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other daughter ;
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You, that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.

[Exit *Clarence* ; and *Somerfet* follows.]

Glo. Not I : my thoughts aim at a further matter :
I stay not for love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [Aside.]

K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Somerfet* both gone to *Warwick* ?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case :
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
They are already, or will soon be landed ;
Myself in person will strait follow you.

[Exeunt *Pembroke* and *Stafford*.]

(7) *Belike, the Elder ; Clarence will have the Younger.*] I have
ventured to make *Elder* and *Younger* change Places in this Line against
the Authority of all the printed Copies. The Reason of it will be
obvious to every one, from the Proofs in my Note preceding this.

But

But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Montague*,
 Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,
 Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance;
 Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me?
 If it be so, then both depart to him:
 I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.
 But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true!

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* Cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so, then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,

'Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign Power. [*Exe.*

SCENE, in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. **T**Rust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well:
 The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see, where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come;
 Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*;
 And welcome, *Somerset*: I hold it cowardise
 To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
 Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* brother,
 Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
 But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.
 And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about, (8)

And

(8) *His Soldiers lurking in the Town about.*] Dr. Thirlby advised the reading *Towns* here, very justly, upon the Proof of this Passage spoken

And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
 Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
 That as *Ulysses* and stout *Diomedes*
 With slight and manhood stole to *Rhesus*' tents,
 And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal steeds;
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down *Edward*'s guard,
 And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him;
 For I intend but only to surprize him;
 You, that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
 For *Warwick* and his friends, God and St. *George*!
 [Exeunt.]

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch*. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
 The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch*. What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch*. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
 Never to lie and take his natural rest,
 Till *Warwick* or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch*. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day;
 If *Warwick* be so near, as men report.

3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
 That with the King here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch*. 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest
 friend.

3 *Watch*. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
 While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more honour, because the more
 dangerous.

3 *Watch*. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;

spoken by the Guard in the Scene immediately following.

——— but why commands the King,

That his chief Followers lodge in Towns about him, &c.

I like

I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
 If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
 'Tis to be doubted, he would weaken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch*. Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
 But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
 Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard:
 Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
 But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick!
 and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arms!
 Arms! Warwick and the rest following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the
 King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Glo'ster and
 Hastings flying over the Stage.*

Som. What are they, that fly there?

War. *Richard* and *Hastings*; let them go, here is the
 Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted,
 Thou call'dst me King?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
 Then I degraded you from being King;
 And come now to create you Duke of *York*.
 Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
 That know not how to use ambassadors;
 Nor how to be contented with one wife,
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
 Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?

Nay,

Nay, then I see, that *Edward* needs must down.
 Yet, *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself, and all thy 'complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King :
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be *Edward* England's King :
 [Takes off his Crown.]

But *Henry* now shall wear the *English* crown,
 And be true King, indeed ; thou but the shadow.
 My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
 See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
 Unto my brother, archbishop of *York* :
 When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and Lady *Bona* sent to him :
 Now for a while farewell, good Duke of *York*.

K. Ed. What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King Edward led out forcibly.]

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
 But march to *London* with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
 To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, The PALACE.

Enter *Rivers*, and the *Queen*.

Riv. **M**Adam, what makes you in this sudden change ?
Queen. Why, brother *Rivers*, are you yet
 to learn,

What late misfortune has befall'n King *Edward* ?

Riv. What ! loss of some pitcht battle against *Warwick* ?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain ?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner.
 Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
 Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares :

And

And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick's* brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of *Edward's* off-spring in my womb:
This is't, that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears, I blast or drown
King *Edward's* fruit, true heir to th' *English* crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become?

Queen. I am informed that he comes tow'rds *London*,
To set the crown once more on *Henry's* head:
Guess thou the rest, King *Edward's* friends must down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him, that once hath broken faith;)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of *Edward's* right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

S C E N E a Park near Middleham-Castle in
Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William
Stanley.

Glo. **N**OW, my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case; you know, our King, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose hands,
He hath good usage and great liberty;

And

And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make his way,
Under the colour of his usual game;
He shall here find his friends with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother *Glo'ster*, *Hastings*, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. E. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from *Warwick's* frown;
And pray, that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Tower in London.*

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. **M**R. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu.

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, lieutenant ? for well using me ?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness ;
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But *Warwick*, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee :
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace has still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars ;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* only for protector.

K. Hen. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands ;
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissention hinder government.
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life ;
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his sov'reign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To *Henry's* body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government:
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor;
And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen and my son *Edward*
Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed.
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sov'reign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. Henry. Come hither, *England's* hope: if secret powers
[Lays his hand on his head.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's blifs.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Must help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to *Burgundy*.

War.

War. Unfavorable news ; but how made he escape ?

Post. He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him :
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide. [Exeunt.

Manent Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's* :
For, doubtless, *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As *Henry's* late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond* ;
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany*,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the crown,
'Tis like, that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to* York.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. **N**OW, brother *Richard*, *Hastings*, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends ;
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for *Henry's* regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenspurg*, before the gates of *York*,

But

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast! brother, I like not this.
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush! man, aboardments must not now
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. Edw. But, master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of *York*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.

K. Ed. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King *Henry's* friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*He descends.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon?

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut
But in the night, or in the time of war.

What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*

For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends, that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Ed. Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in arms?

Montg. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good *Montgom'ry*; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[The Drum begins a March.]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir *John*, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. E. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it, as you will; for 'tis my right;
And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

Montg. Ay, now my Sov'reign speaketh like himself:
And now will I be *Edward's* champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. *[Flourish.]*

Sold. *Edward the fourth by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Montg. And whoso'er gain-says King *Edward's* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his Gauntlet.]

All.

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth !

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery* ; and thanks to all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in *York* :
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his mates ;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no soldier.
Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it beseems thee
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother !
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.
Come on, brave foldiers, doubt not of the day :
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes again to London.

*Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence,
Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. **W**Hat counsel, Lords ? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hasty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas ;
And with his troops doth march amain to *London* ;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Those will I muster up ; and thou, son *Clarence*,
Shalt stir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear, what thou command'st.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his island girt with th' ocean,

Or modest *Dian* circled with her nymphs,) Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him : Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. Farewel, my Sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy*'s true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate !

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*, And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet Lords ; let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while. Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship ? Methinks, the pow'r, that *Edward* hath in field, Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame : I have not stopt mine ears to their demands, Nor posted off their suits with slow delays : My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs, My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears. I have not been desirous of their wealth, Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies, Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd. Then why should they love *Edward* more than me ? No, *Exeter*, these graces challenge grace : And when the lion fawns upon the lamb, The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster ! a Lancaster !

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these ?

Enter King Edward, and his Soldiers.

K. Ed. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence, And once again proclaim us King of *England*. You are the fount, that make small brooks to flow ;
Now

Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not speak.

[*Exeunt with King Henry.*]

And, Lords, to *Coventry* bend we our course,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.
The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain tow'rds *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

SCENE, before the Town of *Coventry*.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the walls.

W A R W I C K.

Where is the post, that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mes.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hither-ward.

War. How far off is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the post, that came from *Montague*?

2 *Mes.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say, *Somerville*, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord: here *Southam* lies:
The drum, your honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of *York*.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the Kingdom to thy brother.

K. Ed. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And, weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again;
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his subject.

K. Edw. But *Warwick's* King is *Edward's* prisoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was sily finger'd from the deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are *Warwick* still.

Glo. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay,

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail, how thou canst; have wind and tide
thy friend:

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood;
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O chearful colours! see, where *Oxford* comes!

Oxf. *Oxford!* *Oxford!* for *Lancaster!*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. *Montague!* *Montague!* for *Lancaster!*

Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, shall buy this treason
Ev'n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. *Somerset!* *Somerset!* for *Lancaster!*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Have sold their lives unto the house of *York*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo! where *George of Clarence* sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.
Come, *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.—

[*A Parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.*] (9)

Cla. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trow'st thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than *Jephthah's*, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults:
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

(9) *A Parley is sounded, &c.*] This necessary Note of Direction, which explains the Matter in Action, I restored from the old *Quarta*. And, without it, it is impossible that any Reader can guess at the Meaning of this Line of *Clarence*;

Look, here I throw my Infamy at Thee.

K. Edw.

K. E. Now, welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town
and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence;
I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

K. Ed. Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; *St. George* and victory! [*Exeunt.*

March. *Warwick and his Company follow.*

SCENE, a Field of Battle near *Barnet*.

*Alarm and Excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth
Warwick, wounded.*

K. Edw. SO, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear:
For *Warwick* was a bug, that scar'd us all.
Now, *Montague*, sit fast, I seek for thee;
That *Warwick's* bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my Fall, the Conquest to my foe.
That yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to gly sepulchres.

For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
 Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
 We might recover all our loss again:

The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant Pow'r:
 Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, *Montague*,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.

Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
 That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
 Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
 And to the latest gasp cry'd out for *Warwick*:
 And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
 And more he would have said and more he spoke,
 Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
 That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
 I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
 O, farewell, *Warwick*!—

War. Sweetly rest his soul!
 Fly, Lords, and save yourselves for *Warwick* bids
 You all farewell, to meet again in heav'n. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
 [*They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence and the rest.

K. Ed. **T**Hus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my Lords, those Powers, that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerset* with *Oxford*, fled to her.
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertiz'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course tow'rd *Tewksbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet* field,
Will thither straight; for willingness rides way:
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry, courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Tewksbury*.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Qu. **G**reat Lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But chearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,

And

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
 Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet that he
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 With tear-ful eyes add water to the sea;
 And give more strength to that which hath too much?
 While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 Say, *Warwick* was our anchor; what of that?
 And *Montague* our top-mast; what of him?
 Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of these?
 Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?
 And *Somerset* another goodly mast?
 The friends of *France* our shrouds and tacklings still?
 And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
 But keep our course (though the rough wind say no,
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
 As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthless sea?
 What *Clarence*, but a quick-sand of deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?
 All these, the enemies to our poor Bark.
 Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while;
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.
 This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here:

For

For did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes ;
 Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, (as, God forbid ;)
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage !
 And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
 Oh, brave young Prince ! thy famous Grandfather
 Doth live again in thee ; long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image and renew his glories !

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet* ; sweet *Oxford*, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less ; it is his policy,
 To haſte thus faſt to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd ; we are in readineſs.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence,
 and Soldiers.*

K.Ed. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
 Which, by the heav'n's aſſiſtance and your ſtrength,
 Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
 (For, well I wot, ye blaze,) to burn them out :
 Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I
 ſhould ſay,

My tears gain-ſay ; for every word I ſpeak,

Ye

182 The THIRD PART of

Ye see, I drink the water of my eye :
Therefore no more but this ; *Henry*, your Sov'reign,
Is pris'ner to the foe, his State usurp'd,
His Realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent :
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice : then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both Parties go out.

Re-Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The Queen, Oxford, and Somerset Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes-castle* straight :
For *Somerset*, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt.*]

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. Ed. Is Proclamation made, that who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glo. It is, and, lo ! where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Ed. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him speak.
What ? can so young a thorn begin to prick ?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious *York*.
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth ;
Resign thy chair ; and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night,
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Ed. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:

Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,

And thou mis-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are:

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.

[*Edw. stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Clar. stabs him.*]

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. —

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Ed. Hold, *Richard*, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use means for her
recov'ry.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the King my brother;
I'll hence to *London* on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Cla. What? what?

Glo. The *Tower*, man, the *Tower*! — I'll root 'em out.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*! speak to thy mother, boy.
Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!

They, that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all;

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this (in respect) a child;

And

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak——

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody canibals,

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!

You have no children, butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off;

As, Deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Clar. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good *Clarence*, do; sweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil-butcher, (10)

Richard? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed.

Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!

[Exit *Queen*.]

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?

Clar. To *London* all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*;

(10) ———— *Where is that Devil's Butcher,*
Richard?] Thus all the Editions. But *Devil's Butcher*, in other
Terms, I think, is *Kill devil*: rare News for the *Free-thinkers*, if
there were any Grounds for depending on it. But the Poet cer-
tainly wrote *Devil-Butcher*; and the first Part of the Compound is to
be taken adjectively, meaning, *exccrable, infernal, devilish*.

And see our gentle Queen, how well she fares ;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to the Tower of London.*

*Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant
on the Tower Walls.*

Glo. **G**OOD day, my Lord ; what ! at your book so hard !
K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord ; my Lord, I
should say rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better :
Good *Glo'ster*, and good devil, were alike,
And both prepos't'rous ; therefore, not good Lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Henry. So flies the wreakless shepherd from the wolf.
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath *Roscius* now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry bush ;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of *Creet*,
That taught his son the office of a fowl ?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, *Dædalus* ; my poor boy, *Icarus* ;
Thy father, *Minos*, that deny'd our course ;
The Sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother *Edward* ; and thyself the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words ;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.
But wherefore dost thou come ? Is't for my life ?

Glo.

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
(Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,)
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit an indigested deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward. (11)
Glo.

(11) *And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st ———]* Had our Editors had but a Grain of Sagacity, or due Diligence, there could have been no Room for this absurd Break, since they might have ventured to fill it up with Certainty too. The old *Quarto* would have led them part of the way,

Thou cam'st into the world ———

And that the Verse is to be compleated in the manner I have given it, is incontestible; for unless we suppose King *Henry* actually reproaches him with this his preposterous Birth, how can *Richard* in his very next Soliloquy say?

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of,

For I have often heard my Mother say,

I came into the World with my Legs forward.

I can

Glo. I'll hear no more : die Prophet in thy speech ;
[Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.—
O God ! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.]

Glo. What ! will th' aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
Sink in the ground ? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death !
O, may such purple tears be always shed,
From those who wish the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say, I sent thee thither ;
[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of :
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus blefs us, he is born with teeth !
And so I was ; which plainly signify'd
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog :
Then, since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father.
I have no brother, I am like no brother ;
And this word *Love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me : I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light ;
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee :
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

I can easily see, that this Blank was caused by the Nicety of the Players, to suppress an indecent Idea. But, with Submission, this was making but half a Cure, unless they had expunged the Repetition of it out of *Richard's* Speech too.

King

188 The THIRD PART of

King *Henry*, and the Prince his son, are gone ;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest ;
 Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room ;
 And triumph, *Henry* ! in the day of doom. [Exit.

SCENE, the Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester,
 Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

K. Edw. **O**Nce more we sit on *England's* royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies :
 What valiant foc-men, like to *Autumn's* corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride ?
 Three Dukes of *Somerset*, three-fold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions :
 Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the son ;
 And two *Northumberlands* ; two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their couriers at the trumpet's sound.
 With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly Lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my boy :
 Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night ;
 Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat ;
 That thou mightst re-possess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid,
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world,
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back ;
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute. } *Aside.*

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Glo'ster*, love my lovely Queen ;
 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe your Majesty,
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen.

Queen. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, (12)
thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree, from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kifs I give the fruit.——

To say the truth, so *Judas* kifs'd his master;
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm. } *Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my Country's Peace and Brothers' Loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reignier her father to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*;
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick Shows,
Such as besit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewell, four annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

(12) *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy Brother, thanks.*] This Line,
ever since the first Edition by the Players, has been given to King
Edward; but I have, with the old *Quarto*, restored it to the *Queen*,
from whom it comes with much more Propriety.





H. Gravelot in Vol. 5. P. 191.

G. V. d. Gucht Scul.



THE
LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.



Dramatis Personæ.

KING Edward IV.

Edward *Prince of Wales*, afterwards

Edward V.

} *Sons to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of York*.

George, *Duke of Clarence*, *Brother to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester*, *Brother to Edward IV.* afterwards *King Richard III.*

Cardinal, *Archbishop of York*.

Duke of *Buckingham*.

Duke of *Norfolk*.

Earl of *Surrey*.

Marquis of *Dorset*, *Son to Queen Elizabeth*.

Earl *Rivers*, *Brother to the Queen*.

Lord *Gray*, *Son to Queen Elizabeth*.

Earl of *Richmond*, afterwards *King Henry VII.*

Bishop of *Ely*.

Lord *Hastings*.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan*.

Sir *Richard Ratcliff*,

Lord *Lovel*,

Catesby,

Sir *James Tyrrel*, a *Villain*.

Thomas, Lord *Stanley*, Lord *Steward* of *King Edward IVth's Household*, afterwards *Earl of Derby*.

Earl of *Oxford*,

Blount,

Herbert,

Sir *William Brandon*,

Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower*.

Two *Children of the Duke of Clarence*.

Lord *Mayor*.

Sir *Christopher Urswick*, a *Priest*.

Elizabeth, *Queen of Edward IV.*

Queen *Margaret*, *Widow of Henry VI.*

Anne, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales*, *Son to Henry VI.* afterwards married to the *Duke of Gloucester*.

Duchess of *York*, *Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.*

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III. with Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in England.

T H E



THE
(1) LIFE and DEATH of
KING *RICHARD* III.

ACT I.
SCENE, *the COURT.*

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

✱✱✱ NOW is the Winter of our discontent
✱ N ✱ Made glorious summer by this sun of *York* :
✱ ✱ And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
✱✱✱ In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings ;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

(1) *The Life and Death of King Richard III.*] This Tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this Prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight Years of his Time : For it opens with *George Duke of Clarence* being clap'd up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the Year 1477 ; and closes with the Death of *Richard* at *Bosworth-field*, which Battle was fought on the 22d of *August* in the Year 1485.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,—
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
 Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And, if King *Edward* be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophecy, which says, that *G*
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day; what means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty,
 Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:

He

He should for that commit your god-fathers.
Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christened in the *Tower*.
But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know?

Clar. Yea, *Richard*, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G;
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be.

And, for my name of *George* begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the King, that sends you to the *Tower*;
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*?
From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not safe; *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Clar. By heav'n, I think, there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his delivery.

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what;—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty hath straitly giv'n in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Even so, an't please your worship, *Brakenbury*?
 You may partake of any thing we say :
 We speak no treason, man—we say, the King
 Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble Queen
 Well strook in years ; fair, and not jealous—
 We say, that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue :
 That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk :
 How say you, Sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my Lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow ? nought to do with mistress *Shore* ?
 I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
 Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my Lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me ?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
 Brother, farewell ; I will unto the King,
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
 (Were it to call King *Edward's* widow sister)
 I will perform it to infranchise you.
 Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
 Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce ; farewell. [*Exe. Brak. Clar.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path, that thou shalt ne'er return :
 Simple, plain *Clarence* !—I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
 If heav'n will take the present at our hands.
 But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd *Hastings* ?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain :

Well

Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble Lord, as pris'ners must:
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall *Clarence* too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by *St. Paul*, that news is bad, indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to baffle in!
For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:

Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Street.*

Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. S E T down, set down your honourable load,
 If honour may be shrouded in a herse ;
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 Th' untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy King !
 Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*.
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be't lawful, that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd son ;
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand, that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes !
 Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view :
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young Lord and thee !
 Come, now tow'rds *Chertsey* with your holy load,
 Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, while I lament King *Henry's* coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the coarse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the coarſe ; or, by *St. Paul*,
I'll make a coarſe of him that diſobeys.

Gen. My Lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! ſtand thou, when I command ;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breaſt,
Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal ;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avant, thou dreadful miniſter of hell !

Thou haſt but power over his mortal body,
His ſoul thou canſt not have ; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.

Anne. Foul devil ! for God's ſake hence, trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell :
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

Oh, gentlemen ! ſee ! ſee, dead *Henry's* wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed aſreſh.

Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.

Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge moſt unnatural.

O God ! which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death :
O earth ! which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death.
Or heav'n with lightning ſtrike the murd'rer dead,
Or earth gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.

Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor man ;
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !——

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry :
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself ;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain ;
But dead they are ; and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward's* hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen *Marg'ret* saw
Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking in his blood :
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this King ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then God grant
me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.—

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber, where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.——But, gentle lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a flower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world;
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature: thou art both.

Anne. I would, I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. *Plantagenet*.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Glo. Here : why dost thou spit at me ?

[She spits at him.]

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake !

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead !

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once :
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears ;
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

Not when my father *York*, and *Edward* wept,

To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made ;

When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his sword at him :

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees be-dashed with rain : in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear :

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart can not forgive,

Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,

Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay,

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King *Henry* ;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch : 'twas I that stabb'd young *Edward* ;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :
Speak it again, and even with thy word.
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Ev'n so thy breast incloseth my poor heart :
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him, that hath more cause to be a Mourner :
And presently repair to *Crosby*-place :
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At *Chertsey*-monast'ry this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.

For

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.

Trassel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine, I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

Glo. Sirs, take up the corpse.

Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, noble Lord?

Glo. No, to *White-Fryars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the corpse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.

What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father!

To take her in her heart's extreamest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes.

The bleeding witness of her hatred by:

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks:

And yet to win her—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,

Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, wise, and valiant, and no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford:—

And will she yet debase her eyes on me,

That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equal's *Edward's* Moiety?

On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?

My Dukedom to a beggarly Denier,

I do

I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. **H**Ave patience, Madam, there's no doubt his
 Majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have blest you with a goodly son,
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
 Is put into the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Queen. It is determined, not concluded yet:
 But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*,
 (2) Buck.

(2) *Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.* This is a
 Blunder of Inadvertence, which has run thro' the whole Chain of
 Impressions. It could not well be original in *Shakespeare*, who
 was

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Stanley*,
To your good pray'r will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet, *Stanley*, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers:
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of *Stanley*?

Stanley. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they, that complain unto the King,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul* they love his Grace but lightly,

was most minutely intimate with his History and the Intermarriages of the Nobility. The Person here called *Derby*, was *Thomas* Lord *Stanley*, Lord Steward of King *Edward* the IVth's Household. But this *Thomas* Lord *Stanley* was not created Earl of *Derby* till after the Accession of *Henry* VII; and, accordingly, afterwards in the Fourth and Fifth *Acts* of this Play, before the Battle of *Bosworth-field*, he is every where called Lord *Stanley*. This sufficiently justifies the Change I have made in his Title.

That

That fills his ears with such dissentious rumours.
 Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
 Duck with *French* nods, and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
 By filken, sly, insinuating *Jacks*?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace:
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
 Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal person,
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the matter:
 The King of his own royal disposition,
 And not provok'd by any suitor else,
 (Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That, in your outward action shews itself
 Against my children, brothers, and myself;)
 Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground
 Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,
 That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
 Since every *Jack* became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a *Jack*.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Glo'ster.

You envy my advancement and my friends:
 God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you,
 Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
 Myself disgrac'd; and the nobility
 Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
 Are daily given to ennoble those,
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height,
 From

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
 I never did incense his Majesty
 Against the Duke of *Clarence*; but have been
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.
 My Lord, you do me shameful injury,
 Falsly to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
 Of my Lord *Hastings*' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for——

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*—why, who knows not so?
 She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
 She may help you to many fair preferments,
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,
 And lay those honours on your high deserts.
 What may she not? she may——ay, marry, may she—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a King,
 A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
 I wis, your grandam had a worser match.—

Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long borne
 Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
 By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty,
 Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid,
 Than a great Queen with this condition;
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.
 Small joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q.Ma. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
 Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
 Tell him, and spare not; Look, what I have said, (3)

(3) *Tell him, and spare not; Look, what I have said,*] This Verse,
 which was at first left out by the Players in their Impression (in
 which the modern Editors have follow'd them) I have restor'd
 from the old *Quarto's*; and, indeed, without it, the Verse, which
 immediately follows, is hardly Sense.

I will

I will avouch in presence of the King:

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, Devil! I remember thee too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor son, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband *Gray*
Were factious for the House of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you;—was not your husband,
In *Marg'ret's* battle, at *St. Albans* slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forswore himself, (which, *Jesu*, pardon!—)

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!—

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like *Edward's*;
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar.

Here me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not that I being Queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Q. *Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.

The sorrow, that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures, you usurp, are mine.

Q. Mar. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Why,

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
 If not by war, by surfeit die your King,
 As ours by murder, to make him a King!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
 For *Edward* our son, that was Prince of *Wales*,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
 Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
 Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death,
 And after many length'ned hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England's* Queen!
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers-by,
 And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt
 hear me.

If heav'ns have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe;
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-markt abortive, rooting hog!
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

Glo.

Glo. Margaret.————

Q. Mar. Richard.————

Glo. Ha?————

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

*Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for, I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.*

*Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.*

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Qu. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

*Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!*

*Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.*

*Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse ;
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.*

Q. M. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd mine.

*Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty.*

*Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty.
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects :
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.*

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

*Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert ;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !*

*They, that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.*

Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

*Glo. Ay, and much more ; but I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.*

*Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath*

Hath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest;

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those, that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe, but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom-tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel?

And sooth the devil, that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day?

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say, poor *Marg'ret* was a Prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;

She

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorset. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the 'vantage of her wrong:

I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains,

God pardon them, that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them, that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;

For had I curst now, I had curst myself. [Aside.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.

Queen. *Catesby*, we come; Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs, that I set a-broach,

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,

I do bewEEP to many simple gulls,

Namely to *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*;

And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies

That stir the King against the Duke my brother.

Now they believe it, and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,

Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villany

With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

Vil. We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby*-place.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Fear not, my Lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop
tears.

I like you, lads; about your business; go. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Tower.*

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. WHY looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Br. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower;
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my brother *Glo'ster*;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,

That

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that *Glo'ster* stumbled; and in falling
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What fights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 I thought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk.
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this fore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was length'ned after life.
 O then began the tempest to my soul,
 I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferry-man, which Poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,
 Who cry'd aloud——What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by *Tewksbury*;

Seize

Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!—
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! *Brakenbury*, I have done those things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For *Edward's* sake; and, see, how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
 I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good rest!
 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, [*Aside.*
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st
 thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither
 on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him
 see our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am in this commanded, to deliver
 The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.

VOL. V.

K

I will

I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
 There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
 I'll to the King, and signify to him,
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, Fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pry'thee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; It was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies

tinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard, with the hilt of thy sword; and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to —

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so!

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence, that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor *Clarence*' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have Redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed, you undertake, is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he, that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of *Lancaster*.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect, nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Kil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When

When gallant-springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Vil. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother *Glo'ster*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ster* hates you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father *York*
Blest his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Vil. As snow in harvest:—you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Vil. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Vil. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls,
Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
 If two such murderers, as yourselves, came to you,
 Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
 Were you in my distrefs.—

1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
 My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and intreat for me.
 A begging Prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do.

[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmie-butt within. [*Exit.*

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd:
 How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my hands
 Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
 me not?

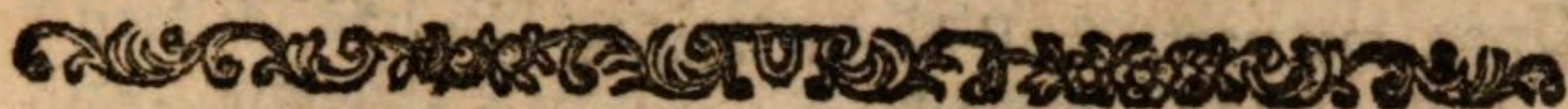
By heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
 Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
 For I repent me, that the Duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.
 Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
 Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
 And, when I have my meed, I must away;
 For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*



A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E, *the Court.*

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodville.

K. E D W A R D.

W H Y, so; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.

And now in peace my soul shall part to heav'n,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;
Hastings and *Rivers*, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred; swear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. *Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your King;
Lest he, that is the supream King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart!

K. *Edw.* Madam, yourself is not exempt from this;
Nor your son *Dorset*; *Buckingham*, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, *Hastings*;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine!

K. *Edw.* *Dorset*, embrace him: *Hastings*, love Lord
Marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Ed. Now, princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love

[*To the Queen.*]

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!—
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother *Glo'ster* here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time; here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester, with Ratcliff.

Glo. Good-morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And, princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege:
Among this princely heap, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;

I hate

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service :
 Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us :
 Of you, and you, Lord *Rivers*, and of *Dorset*,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me :
 Of you, Lord *Woodville*, and Lord *Scales*, of you ;
 Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter ;
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded !
 My sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
 To take our brother *Clarence* to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his coarfe.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows, he is ?

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good Lord ; and no man in the presence,
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is *Clarence* dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged *Mercury* did bear :
 Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried.
 God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.

K 5

K. Edw.

K. *Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stanl. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. *Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou request'st ?

Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life ;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

K. *Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death ?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man ; his fault was thought ;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd ?

Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me ?

Who told me, in the field at *Tewksbury*,

When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me ?

And said, Dear brother, live, and be a King ?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself

All thin and naked, to the numb cold night ?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters, or your waiting vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer ;

You strait are on your knees for pardon, pardon, —

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.

But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all

Have been beholden to him in his life :

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.

O God ! I fear, thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.

Come, *Hastings*, help me to my closet. Ah !

Poor *Clarence* ! [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*
Glo.

Glo. These are the fruits of rashness : mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death ?
O ! they did urge it still unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
To comfort *Edward* with our company ? [Exeunt.]

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft ? and beat your breast ?
And cry, O *Clarence* ! my unhappy son !

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Dutch. My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him ; not your father's death ;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead.
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earnest prayers.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace ! the King doth love
you well.

Incapable and shallow Innocents !

You cannot guess, who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle *Glo'ster*
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him ;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me ; and kindly kist my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice !

He

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame ;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, Grandam ?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this ?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset after her.

Queen. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.——

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap ?
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's ;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah ! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy noble husband ;
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother ;
And hast the comfort of thy children left :
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries !
Son. Ah, Aunt ! you wept not for our father's death ;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daugh.

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord *Edward*!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence*!

Queen. What stay had I, but *Edward*? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she;
These babes for *Clarence* weep, and so do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold-distress,
Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That with unthankfulness you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son; send strait for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star :
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
I did not see you.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God blefs thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man !—
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing ;
I marvel, that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love ;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetch'd (4)
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

(4) *Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd,*] *Edward*, the young Prince, in his Father's Life-time and at his Demise, kept his Household at *Ludlow* as Prince of *Wales* ; under the Governance of *Anthony Woodville* Earl of *Rivers*, his Uncle by the Mother's side. The Intention of his being sent thither was to see Justice done in the *Marches* ; and, by the Authority of his Presence, to restrain the *Welshmen*, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed Murders and Outrages. *Vid.* Hall, Hollingshead, &c.

And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that strait shall post to *Ludlow*.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business? [*Exeunt.*
[*Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll fort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin, (5)
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes to a Street near the Court.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* **G**ood-morrow, neighbour, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

(5) *My other self, my Counsel's Consistory, My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Cousin!* I have altered the Pointing of this Passage, by the Direction of my ingenious Friend Mr. *W. Burton*: because, by this new Regulation, a strange and ridiculous *Anticlimax* is prevented.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better;
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good-morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's* death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government:

Which in his non-age, counsel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when *Henry* the sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For when this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

You

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see,
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Court.*

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.

Arch. **I** Heard, they lay the last night at *Northampton*,
At *Stony Stratford* they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not; they say, my son of *York*
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow.

More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle *Glo'ster*,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him, that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young;
So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young *York*? I pr'ythee, let me hear it,

York.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

York. *Grandam*, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy——go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mes. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord *Rivers* and Lord *Gray* are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ster and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne;
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss.
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors

Make

Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self; O most preposterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more. (6)

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]



A C T III.

S C E N E, in London.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes
of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.*

B U C K I N G H A M.

Welcome, sweet Prince, to *London*, to your chamber.
Gl. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's Sovereign.
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

(6) *Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.*] This is the Reading of all the Copies, from the first Edition, put out by the *Players*, downwards. But the old *Dutchess* had no Antipathy to the World, or looking upon the Earth in general: Her complaints are restrained to the calamitous Days she had seen, the Miseries and Slaughters of civil Wars at home: during the Process of which she had been witness to so many Murders, such Havock and Destruction; that she very reasonably wishes, that such Outrage may cease, or that she may not live to behold any more Friends massacred. I have therefore restored the Reading of the old *Quarto* in 1597 (which is copied by all the other authentick *Quarto's*;) by which the Thought is finely and properly improved.

Or let me die, to look on Death no more.

Prince.

Prince. No, Uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God, he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Uncles, which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Pr. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

May. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought, my mother, and my brother *York*,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fy, what a slug is *Hastings*? that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord,

Prin. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God, he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
Have taken sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fy, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch.

Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak orator
Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid,
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord;
Too ceremonious, and traditional.
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary, in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those, whose dealings have deserv'd the place;
And those, who have the wit to claim the place;
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there:
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men,
But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

Hast. I go my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

Prince. Good Lords make all the speedy haste you may.
Say, Uncle *Glo'ster*, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self:
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower*:
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any place;
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively, from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all Posterity;
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, Uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. (7) } *Aside.*

Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man,

(7) *Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize two Meanings in one Word.*] By *Vice*, the Author means not a *Quality* but a *Person*. There was hardly an old *Play*, till the Period of the *Reformation*, which had not in it a *Devil*, and a drole Character, a *Jester*; (who was to play upon and work, the *Devil* :) and this *Buffoon* went by the Name of a *Vice*. *A Vice in a Play*, *badin*, *mime*; *To Play the Vice*, *badiner*; *Mime*, a *Vice*, *Fool*, *Jester*, &c. in a *Play*; says *Cotgrave*. *Mimo*, (*mimus*) a *Jester*, a *Vice*; says *Minsheu* in his *Spanish Dictionary*. This *Buffoon* was at first accoutred with a long *Jerkin*, a *Cap* with a Pair of *Ass's Ears*, and a *Wooden Dagger*, with which (like another *Harlequin*) he was to make Sport in belabouring the *Devil*. This was the constant Entertainment in the Times of *Popery*, whilst *Spirits*, and *Witchcraft*, and exorcising held their own. When the *Reformation* took place, the Stage shook off some Grossities, and encreased in Refinements. The *Master-devil* then was soon dismissed from the Scene; and this *Buffoon* was changed into a subordinate Fiend, whose Business was to range on Earth, and seduce poor Mortals into that personated vicious Quality, which he occasionally supported; as, *Iniquity* in general, *Hypocrisy*, *Usury*, *Vanity*, *Prodigality*, *Gluttony*, &c. Now as the Fiend, (or *Vice*,) who personated *Iniquity* (or *Hypocrisy*, for Instance) could never hope to play his Game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven Foot, and assuming a Semblance quite different from his real Character; he must certainly put on a formal Demeanour, moralize, and prevaricate in his Words, and pretend a Meaning directly opposite to his genuine and primitive Intention. If this does not explain the Passage in Question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it: Unless what *Glo'ster* himself says in the preceding Act, may come in by way of Comment.

*And thus I clothe my naked Villainy
With old odd Ends, stol'n forth of holy Writ;
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.*

With

With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in *France* again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of *York*.

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our noble brother ?

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours ;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much Majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of *York* ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo. Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this your dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then I see, you'll part but with light gifts ;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *York* will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little like an ape,

He thinks, that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My Lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin *Buckingham*
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry ghost:
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*]

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: come, *Catesby*, thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make Lord *William Hastings* of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle *Catesby*,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the *Tower*,
To sit about the Coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at *Pomfret-castle*;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress *Shore* one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this business soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Crosby-place*, there you shall find us both.

[Exit Cat.]

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive,
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do ;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood posselt.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes ; that, afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, before Lord Hastings's House.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. MY Lord, my Lord,——

Hast. [*within.*] Who knocks ?

Mes. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock ?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

Mes. So it appears, by what I have to say :
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then ?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the boar had rased off his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him tow'ards the north ;
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour, and myself, are at the one ;
And, at the other, is my good friend *Catesby* ;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence :
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance ;

And

And for his dreams, I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us ;
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mef. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good-morrows to my noble Lord !

Hast. Good-morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring :
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring State ?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord ;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ? dost thou mean the crown ?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cates. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof :

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries ;

But that I'll give my voice on *Richard's* side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
With *Rivers, Vaughan, Gray* ; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you —
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know, they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man ?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

Stanl. My Lord, good-morrow ; and, good-morrow,
Catesby ;

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours.
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now ;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stanl. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure ;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
What, shall we tow'rd the *Tower* ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you : wot ye what, my Lord ?
To-day the Lords, you talk of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.*
Sirrah,

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies.
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death;
And I in better state, than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your Honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your last exercise:
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers.*]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need a Priest,
Your Honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men, you talk of, came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the Tower?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*]
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Pomfret-Castle.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to Death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you,
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers,

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now, *Marg'ret's* curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by when *Richard* stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she *Richard*, curs'd she *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember, God!

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:

As for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, *Gray*; come, *Vaughan*; let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heav'n. [Exeunt.

S C E N E,

S C E N E, *The Tower.*

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *Bishop of Ely*, Catesby,
Lovel, with others, at a table.

Hast. NOW, noble Peers, the cause why we are met
 Is to determine of the coronation :

In God's name speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stanl. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein ?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke ?

El. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces ; for our hearts,
 He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;
 Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine :
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know, he loves me well :
 But for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him ; nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein :
 But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
 And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble Lords and Cousins all, good-morrow ;
 I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
 My absence doth neglect no great design,
 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part ;
 I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no man might be bolder,
 His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
 My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourn*,
 I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
[Exit *Ely.*

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.

Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of *England's* throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.
[Exeunt *Glo.* and *Buck.*

Stanl. We have not yet set down this day of triumph:
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this
morning;
There's some conceit, or other, likes him well,
When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

Stanl. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence,
To doom th' offenders, whoso'er they be:

I fav. my Lord, they have deserved death.

Glo.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesses of their evil;
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edward's* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord—

Glo. If? thou Protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor——
Off with his head——now, by *St. Paul* I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel, and *Catesby*——look, that it be done: (8)

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for *England*, not a whit for me!
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase our helms;
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*;
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent, I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
Oh, *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.

(8) *Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done.*] There are two things to be observed, which will warrant the Variation I have made upon this Passage. The Scene is here in the *Tower*: and Lord *Hastings* was cut off on that very day, when *Rivers*, *Gray* and *Vaughan* suffered at *Pomfret*. How then could *Ratcliff* at the same instant be both in *Yorkshire* and the *Tower*? In the very Scene preceding this, we find him conducting those Gentlemen to the Block. The Players in their Edition first made the Blunder, as to *Ratcliff* attending Lord *Hastings* to Death: for, in the old *Quarto*, we find it rightly;——
Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings. And in the next Scene, before the *Tower-Walls*, we find *Lovel* and *Catesby* come back from the Execution, bringing the head of *Hastings*.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be
at dinner,
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the Grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailer on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Low. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh, bloody *Richard!* miserable *England!*
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Tower-walls.*

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. C Ome, Cousin, canst thou quake and change
thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught; and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side:
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor,—

Enter the Lord Mayor attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. *Catesby*, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent——

Glo.

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings' head.

Glo. Be patient they are friends; *Catesby* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian:
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That (his apparent open, guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with *Shore's* wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it) that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the Council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of *Glo'ster*?

Mayor. What? had he so?

Glo. What! think you, we are *Turks* or *Infidels*?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of *England*, and our Person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress *Shore*.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your Lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak; and tim'rously confess

The

The manner and the purpose of his treasons :
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the Citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good Lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right-noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness, what, you hear, we did intend :
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Mayor toward *Guild-hall* hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children ;
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his son
Heir to the Crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*
My Princely father then had wars in *France* ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the Issue was not his begot :
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my Lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,

Were

Were for myself; and so my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's* castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[*Exit Buck.*

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to *Doctor Sharw*.
Go thou to *Friar Peuker*; bid them both
Meet me within this Hour at *Baynard's* castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby severally.*

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of fight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*.
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd;
That it may be to-day read o'er in *Pauls*.
And, mark, how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; ——— who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill-dealings must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to Baynard's Castle.**Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.**Glo.* **H**OW now, how now, what say the citizens?*Buck.* Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward's* children?*Buck.* I did, with his contract with lady *Lucy*,
And his contract by Deputy in *France*;

Th' unsatiate greediness of his desires,

And his enforcement of the city-wives;

His tyranny for trifles: his own bastardy,

As being got, your father then in *France*,

And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,

Being the right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind:

Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*;

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:

Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose

Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.

And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,

I bid them, that did love their country's good,

Cry, God save *Richard*, *England's* royal King!*Glo.* And did they so?*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them;

And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful silence?

His answer was, the people were not us'd

To be spoke to, except by the Recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,

At lower end o'th' Hall, hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cry'd, God save king *Richard*!

And

And thus I took the vantage of those few :
 Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
 This general applause and chearful shout
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to *Richard*.
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they
 not speak ?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ;
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two Churchmen, good my Lord ;
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our requests :
 Play the maid's part, still answer, *nay*, and take it.

Glo. I go : and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say, *nay* to thee, for myself ;
 No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy issue. [*Exit Glo.*]

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here ;
 I think, the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my request ?

Cates. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day ;
 He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation ?
 And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke ;
 Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
 No less importing than our gen'ral Good,
 Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him strait. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ah ! my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward* ;
 He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,

But

But on his knees at meditation ;
 Not dallying with a brace of Curtezans,
 But meditating with two deep Divines :
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
 Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
 Take on his Grace the Sov'reignty thereof ;
 But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield, his grace should say us, nay!

Buck. I fear, he will ; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace ?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of Citizens to come to him,
 His Grace not being warn'd thereof before :
 He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
 By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
 And so once more return, and tell his Grace.

[*Exit Catesby*.

When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
 So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
 To stay him from the fall of Vanity :
 And see, a book of prayer in his hand.
 True ornament to know a holy man.
 Famous *Plantagenet* ! most gracious Prince,
 Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apology ;
 I do beseech your Grace to pardon me.

Who,

Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends :
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Ev'n that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord : would it might please your
Grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supream seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs :
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion :
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consoled with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to answer, you might, haply, think,
Tongue.

Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sov'reignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then, in speaking, not incur the last,
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea ;
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need :
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the feat of Majesty ;
 And make us, doubtless happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace.
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that *Edward* is your brother's son ;
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* wife :
 For first was he contract to lady *Lucy*,
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow ;
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To *Bona*, sister to the King of *France*.
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother of a many children,

A beauty-

A beauty-waining, and distressed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence of some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cats. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and Majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss:

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates)

Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our King;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt.

Cates. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of stone, [Exit Catesby.
But

But penetrable to your kind entreaties;
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God blefs your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England's* worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

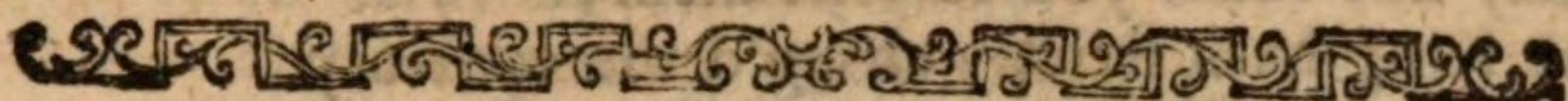
Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.

Farewel, my cousin; farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*]





A C T IV.

S C E N E, *before the Tower.*

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one Door; Anne, Dutchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter, at the other.

D U T C H E S S.

WH O meets us here? my Niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ster*? (9)
Now, for my life she's wandring to the *Tower*,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*; and as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind ſiſter, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young ſon of *York*?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,

(9) *Who meets us here? my Niece Plantagenet, Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of Glo'ster?*] Here is a manifeſt Intimation, that the Dutchess of *Glo'ster* leads in ſomebody in her hand; but there is no Direction, or entrance mark'd in any of the Copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventur'd to gueſs, it muſt be *Clarence's* young Daughter. The old Dutchess of *York* calls her *Niece*, i. e. Grand-daughter; as Grand-children are frequently call'd *Nephews*.

I may

I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother. I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

Enter Stanley.

Stanl. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll faulte your Grace of *York* as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you must strait to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richard's* royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace afunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead killing news!

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good chear: mother how fares your Grace!

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas;
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of *Marg'ret's* curse;
Nor mother, wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

Stanl. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:

Be

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O Ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.

Stanl. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, 'would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* corpse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* face,
This was my wish; “Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd;
“For making me, so young, so old a widow!
“And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
“And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
“More miserable by the life of thee,
“Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's death!”
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.
Beside, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Dorset.*

Go thou to *Richard*, and good angels tend thee!

[*To Anne.*

Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possess thee!

[*To the Queen.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the *Tower*.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old fullen play-fellow,

For tender Princes; use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. **S**Tand all apart—cousin of *Buckingham*,—
Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, *Buckingham*, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed: (10)
Young *Edward* lives—think now, what I would speak.

Buck.

(10) *Ab! Buckingham, now do I play the Touch.*] Mr. Warburton thinks, the technical Term is absolutely requisite here, and that the Poet wrote;

———*Now do I'ply the Touch.*

i. e. apply the *Touchstone*: for that is meant by what he calls *Touch*.

So,

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I say, I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so—but *Edward* lives—

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!

That *Edward* still should live——true, noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your Grace immediately. [Exit *Buck.*

Cates. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

And unrespective boys; none are for me,

That look into me with confid'rate eyes.

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.

Boy,——

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tirrel*.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go call him hither.

[Exit *Boy*.]

The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*

So, again, in *Timon of Athens*, speaking of Gold, he says;

——— O, thou Touch of Hearts!

i. e. thou Trial, Touchstone.

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels,
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,
The Marquis *Dorset*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, *Catesby*; rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence*' daughter.—
(The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)

Look, how thou dream'st——I say again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.

About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:

Murder her brothers and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. *James Tirrel*, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed? [*He takes him aside.*]

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they, that I would have thee deal upon;
Tirrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tir.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come
hither, *Tirrel*;

Go, by this token—rise, and lend thine ear—[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so——say, it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it strait. [Exit.

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand, that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, he is your wife's son; well, look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour, and your faith, is pawn'd;
Th' *Earldom* of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me——*Henry* the sixth
Did prophesy, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.
A King, perhaps——

Buck. My Lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the Prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the *Earldom*——

K. Rich. *Richmond*! when I was last at *Exeter*,
The Mayor in curt'sy shewed me the castle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I started;
Because a bard of *Ireland* told me once,
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*.

Buck. My Lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o' clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me?

M. 2

K. Rich.

K. Rich. But what's o'clock.

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike.

K. Rich. Because, that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'er you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Is it ev'n so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tendernefs and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, (quoth *Dighton*,) lay the gentle babes;—
Thus, thus, (quoth *Forrest*,) girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kifs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, (quoth *Forrest*,) almost chang'd my mind:
But, oh! the Devil—there the villain stopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on ——— we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody King.

Enter

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord!

K. Rich. Kind *Tirrel*—am I happy in thy news?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

Tir. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, *Tirrel*, soon, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time—but think, how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel, till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

K. Rich. The son of *Clarence* have I pent up close:
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:
The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* bosom:
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth*, my brother's daughter;
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord,——

R. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord; *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*.
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
 Then fiery Expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King!
 Go, muster men; my Counsel is my shield,
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*]

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
 Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to;
 And will to *France*, hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched *Marg'ret*! who comes here?

Enter the Dutchess of York and Queen.

Queen. Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant-morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt, thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
 And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
 Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd.
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days.
 Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful earth,
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen.

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signiory;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him;
I had a husband till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. M. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true, disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body;
And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. Oh *Harry's* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*:
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York* he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stabb'd my *Edward*:
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
 And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
 Insues his piteous and unpitied end.
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for
 vengeance.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Queen. Oh! thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottle'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune,
 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
 The presentation of but what I was;

The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant;
 One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?

Where be the bending Peers, that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;

For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;

From

From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewel, *York's* wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well-skill'd in curses! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O! quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. [Exit Margaret.]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to your client's woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys, (11)
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.]
I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

(11) *Airy Succeders of intestine joys,*] Thus the Generality of
the Editions, from the oldest *Folio* Impression. But I cannot un-
derstand this Reading. I have adopted another from the *Quarto* in
1597, which, I think, must be the true one:

Airy Succeders of intestate joys,

i. e. Words, tun'd to Complaints, succeed Joys that are dead; and
unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend.

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?

Tell me, thou villain-flave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his son?

Queen. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarm, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[*Flourish. Alarms.*]

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody.

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none but *Humphry Houre*, that call'd
your Grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let

Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word :

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So,——

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extream age shall perish,
And, never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight,
And there the little souls of *Edward's* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end!
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter; for my daughters, *Richard*,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Richard. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to *Edward's* bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy;
So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not *Edward's* daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins?

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life:
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous successes of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. R. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine?

So in the *Lethe* of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. Rich.

K. *Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. *Rich.* What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. *Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England*.

Qu. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n he, that makes her Queen; who else should be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. *Rich.* Even so; how think you of it?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. *Rich.* I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. *Rich.* With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York*; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Marg'ret*
Did to thy father, steeped in *Rutland's* blood,
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. *Rich.* You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. *Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen.

Queen. Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee ;
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended ;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter :
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your encrease I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter :
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood :
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being King ;
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* brother :
Again shall you be mother to a King ;
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed, (12)
Shall

(12) *The liquid Drops of Tears, that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient Pearl,
Advantaging their Love with Interest,
Oftentimes double Gain of Happiness.]* The great Improvement to
the Sense, which my easy Emendation makes here, will, I flatter
myself, convince every judicious Reader, of its being the genuine
Reading.

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Often times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart th'aspiring flame
 Of golden Sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
 Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England's* peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. R. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats—

Queen. That at her hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen—

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

Reading. *Love* and *Lone* (which was the obsolete Manner of spelling *Loan*;) are made out of one another, only by a Letter turned upside down. *Oftentimes* is a stupid Concretion of three Words, from the Indolence of the Editors, which strangely flattens the Sentence. My Emendation gives this apt and easy Sense. *The Tears, that you have lent to your Afflictions, shall be turned into Gems; and requite you by way of Interest, with Happiness twenty times as great as your Sorrows have been.*

K. Rich.

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her subject now.

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a stile.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown——

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath:
The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
The Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The Crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world——

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death——

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself.

Queen. Thyself thyself misuseth.

K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n——

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all:
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust.
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.

What

What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast :
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms ! myself, myself confound ;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest ;
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding ; if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness, and thine ;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul, —
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay,
It cannot be avoided, but by this :
It will not be ayoided, but by this.
Therefore dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her ;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Urge the necessity and state of times ;
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus ?

R. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;
Where in that nest of spicery, they shall breed

Selves

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kifs, and so farewell—

[*Exit Queen.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing, woman!

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.

'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their admiral:

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. R. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
Ratcliff, thyself, or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*;

When thou com'st thither——dull unmindful villain,
[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good *Catesby*,—bid him levy strait
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cates. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me, I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stanl. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stanl. *Richmond* is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runnagate, what doth he there?

Stanl. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stanl. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *England's* King, but great *York's* heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?

Stanl. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the *Welsh-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stanl. No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

R. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stanl. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sov'reign in the West?

Stanl. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst fain be gone, to join with
Richmond:

But

But I'll not trust thee.

Stanl. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men ; but leave behind
Your son *George Stanley* : look, your heart be firm ;
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanl. So deal with him, as I prove true to you !

[*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sov'reign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edmond Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms,
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their Power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ?

[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

Mes. The news I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd :
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh ! I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

Mes. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Sir Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marquis *Dorset*,
'Tis said my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms ;

But

But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
 The *Bretagne* navy is disperfed, by tempeft,
Richmond in *Dorsetfbire* fent out a boat
 Unto the fhore, to ask thofe on the banks,
 If they were his affiftants, yea, or no;
 Who answered him, they came from *Buckingham*
 Upon his party; he, miftrufing them,
 Hois'd fail, and made his courfe for *Bretagne*.

K. *Rich.* March on, march on, fince we are up in arms;
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down thefe rebels here at home.

Enter Catefby.

Catef. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
 That is the beft news; that the Earl of *Richmond*
 Is with a mighty pow'r landed at *Milford*,
 Is colder news, but yet it muft be told.

K. *Rich.* Away tow'rds *Salisbury*; while we reason here,
 A royal battle might be won and loft:
 Some one take order, *Buckingham* be brought
 To *Salisbury*; the reft march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Lord Stanley's Houfe.*

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stanl. SIR Christopher, tell *Richmond* this from me; (13)
 That in the fty of this moft bloody Boar,
 My fon *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:

(13) *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;*] The Perfon, who is called *Sir Christopher* here, and who has been ftiled fo in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the Impreffions, I find by the *Chronicles* to have been *Christopher Urswick*, a Bachelor in Divinity; and Chaplain to the Countefs of *Richmond*, who had intermarried with the Lord *Stanley*. This Priest, the *History* tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on Messages betwixt the Countefs of *Richmond*, and her Husband, and the young Earl of *Richmond*, whilft he was preparing to make his Defcent on *England*.

If

If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head ;
 The fear of that holds off my present aid.
 So, get thee gone ; commend me to thy Lord.
 Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented
 He should espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.
 But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now ?

Cbri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*-west in *Wales*.

Stanl. What men of name resort to him ?

Cbri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned foldier,
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
 And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
 And many others of great name and worth :
 And towards *London* do they bend their power,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stanl. Well, hie thee to thy Lord : I kiss his hand,
 My Letter will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewel. [*Exeunt.*



A C T V.

S C E N E, Salisbury.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds,
 led to Execution.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him ?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. *Hastings*, and *Edward's* children, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
 Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice ;
 If that your moody, discontented, souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction !

This

This is *All-Souls* day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my Lord.

Buck. Why, then *All-Souls* day is my body's Doomsday.
This is the day, which in King *Edward's* time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this *All-Souls* day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.
Thus *Marg'ret's* curse falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember, *Marg'ret* was a prophetess.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, Sheriff and Officers.*]

S C E N E, *on the Borders of Leicester-Shire.*

A Camp.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. **F**ellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar
(That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,)
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lies now ev'n in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of *Leicester*, as we learn:

From

From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, couragious friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Ev'ry man's conscience is a thousand swords,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
 Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Rich. All for our vantage; then, in God's name, march;
 True hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's wings;
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to *Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey,
 Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.*

K. R. **H**ere pitch our tents, even here in *Bosworth* field.
 My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?

Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. *Rich.* My Lord of *Norfolk*, ———

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. *Rich.* *Norfolk*, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.

K. *Rich.* Up with my tent, here will I lie to-night;
 But where to-morrow? ——— well, all's one for that.

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six, or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

K. *Rich.* Why, our battallion trebles that account:
 Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, Lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to another Part of Bosworth field.

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford,
and Dorset.*

Richm. **T**HE weary Sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
The Earl of *Pembroke* keep his regiment;
Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goest;
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his quarters much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty Power of the King.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful Note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Richm. Give me some ink and paper: in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.]

SCENE changes back to King Richard's Tent.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. **W**HAT is't o'clock?

Cates. It's supper time, my Lord;
It's nine a clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some Ink and Paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good *Norfolk* hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. *Catesby*—

Cates. My Lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To *Stanley's* regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-rising, lest his son *George* fall
Into the blind cave of eternal Night.
Fill me a bowl of wine—give me a watch— [To Rat.
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to-morrow:
Look, that my staves be found, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord *Northum-*
berland?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop.
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd: give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have—
There, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my Guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I say.

[Exit Ratcliff.

SCENE changes back to Richmond's Tent.

Enter Stanley to Richmond: Lords, &c.

Stan. Fortune and Victory sit on thy helm!

Ric. All comfort, that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stanl. I, by attorney, blefs thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:
So much for that——The filent hours steal on,
And flaky darknefs breaks within the Eaft.
In brief, for fo the feafon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody ftrokes, and mortal ftaring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With beft advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful fhock of arms.
But on thy fide I may not be too forward,
Left (being feen) thy brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his father's Sight.

Farewel; the leifure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of fweet difcourfe,
Which fo-long-fundred friends fhould dwell upon.
God give us leifure for thefe Rites of love!
Once more, adieu; be valiant, and fpeed well.

Rich. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ftrove, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Left leaden flumber poize me down to-morrow,
When I fhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind Lords, and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*]

O thou! whose Captain I account myfelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruifing irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' ufurping helmets of our adverfaries!
Make us thy Minifters of chaftifement,
That we may praife thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful foul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ftill! [Sleeps.]

S C E N E, *between the Tents of Richard and Richmond: They sleeping.*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. **L**ET me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth
At *Tewksbury*: therefore despair and die.

Be cheerful, *Richmond*; for the wronged souls

[*To Richm.*
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K. Rich.*

By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the *Tower*, and me; despair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.

Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror: [*To Rich.*
Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*

I, that was wash'd to death in fulsom wine,
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die.

Thou offspring of the House of *Lancaster*, [*To Richm.*
The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*
Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret*: despair, and die.

Grey.

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy soul despair.

[*To K. Rich.*

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! *Richard*, despair and die.

[*To K. Rich.*

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in *Richard's* bosom
Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day.

[*To Richm.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [*To K. Rich.*
And in a bloody battle end thy days:

Think on Lord *Hastings*; and despair and die.

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To Richm.*
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the *Tower*:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, *Richard*, (13)

[*To K. Rich.*

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy Nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

Sleep, *Richmond*, sleep in peace; and wake in joy.

[*To Richm.*

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of Kings ———

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

(13) *Let us be laid within thy Bosom, Richard,*] This is a poor feeble Reading, which has obtain'd by Corruption, ever since the first Edition put out by the Players: and, indeed, up as high as the *Quarto* in 1602. But I have restor'd from the elder *Quarto*, publish'd in 1597, which Mr. *Pope* does not pretend to have seen;

Let us be Lead within thy Bosom, Richard,

This corresponds with what is said in the Line immediately following,

And weigh thee down to Ruin, Shame and Death!

And likewise with what the Generality of the Ghosts say th reateningly to *Richard*;

Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to-morrow!

Enter the Ghost of Anne his wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
[To K. Rich.

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair and die.

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep : [To Richm.
Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the Crown :
The last was I, that felt thy tyranny. [To K. Rich.
O, in the battle think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineis.

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath.

I dy'd for Holpe, ere I could lend thee aid ; (14)
[To Richm.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God and good angels fight on *Richmond's* side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish.

[K. Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu——soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ?
The lights burn blue——is it not dead midnight ?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

(14) *I dy'd for Hope, ere I could lend thee Aid,*] All the Editions concur in this Reading, to the absolute Detriment of the Sense. I restore, with the Addition of a single Letter ;

I dy'd for Holpe, ere I could lend thee Aid :

i. e. I perish'd for that *Help*, which I had intended and was preparing to lend thee ; tho' I could not essentially give thee any Assistance.

What ?

What? do I fear myself? there's none else by;
Richard loves *Richard*; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murd'rer here? no: yes, I am.
 Then fly——what, from myself? great reason; why?
 Lest I revenge, What? myself on myself?
 I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain; yet I lye, I am not.
 Fool of thyself speak well——Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
 And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral Tale,
 And ev'ry Tale condemns me for a villain:
 Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,
 Murder, stern murder in th' dir'st degree,
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
 I shall despair: there is no creature loves me:
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me.
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord,——

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliff*, my Lord. The early village-cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear——

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
 Under our tents, I'll play the eaves-dropper;

To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good-morrow, *Richmond.*

Rich. 'Cry mercy, Lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies *Richard* murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd on victory.
I promise you, my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning, is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The pray'rs of holy Saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow,
For what is he, they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One, that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of *England's* chair, where he is falsely set;
One, that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice 'ward you as his soldiers.
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.

If

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards ; draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face :
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully ;
 God, and Saint *George* ! *Richmond*, and Victory !

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff and Catesby.

K. R. What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond* ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth ; and what said *Surrey* then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'th' right, and so, indeed, it is.

Tell the clock there—give me a Kalendar. [*Clock strikes.*
 Who saw the Sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd the East an hour ago—
 A black day it will be to some body. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My Lord ?

K. Rich. The Sun will not be seen to-day ;
 The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army—
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground—
 Not shine to-day ? why, what is that to me
 More than to *Richmond* ? for the self-same heav'n,
 That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse.
 Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power ;
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.
 My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
 Consisting equally of horse and foot :
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst ;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we ourself will follow
 In the main battle, which on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse :
 This, and *St. George* to boot!—What think'st thou, *Norfolk*?
Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
 This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrawl.

Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold, [Reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the enemy.
 Go, gentlemen ; go, each man to his charge.
 Let not our babling dreams affright our souls ;
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe :
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
 If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
 Remember, whom you are to cope withal ;
 A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, run-aways,
 A scum of Britons, and base lackey-peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest :
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, (15)
 Long kept in *Bretagne* at his mother's cost ?

A milk-

(15) *And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Britaine at our Mother's Cost ?*] This is spoken by
Richard, of *Henry Earl of Richmond* : but they were far from
 having any common Mother, but *England* : and the Earl of *Rich-*
mond was not subsisted abroad at the Nation's publick Charge. He
 fled

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of *France*,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not those bastard *Britons*, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd;
 And on record left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of *England*; fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son *George's* head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy is past the marsh;
 After the battle let *George Stanley* die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair *St. George*,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
 Upon them! victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

fled with the Earl of *Pembroke* into *Bretagne* in King *Edward IVth's* Reign: And many Artifices were tried both by that King first, and King *Richard* afterwards, to get him delivered up by the *French* King and Duke of *Bretagne*. But he happily escaped all the Snares laid for him. During the greatest part of his Residence abroad, he was watched and restrained almost like a Captive; and subsisted by Supplies conveyed from the Countess of *Richmond*, his Mother. It seems probable therefore, that we must read;

Long kept in Bretagne at his Mother's Cost.

Alarm.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, rescue, rescue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger!
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarm. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my Kingdom for a horse!
Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be six *Richmonds* in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my Kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

*Alarms. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight,
Richard is slain.*

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing
the crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.

Stanl. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee:
Lo, here these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!
But tell me first, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stanl. He is, my Lord, and safe in *Lei'ster* town:
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stanl. *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walter the Lord Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Sir William Brandon*.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That

That in submission will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red,
Smile heav'n upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The sons compell'd, been butchers to the fire:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,
Divided in their dire division.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood.
Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say, Amen! [*Exeunt.*]







T H E

L I F E

O F

K. H E N R Y V I I I.





Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legate.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Keeper after Sir Tho. Moore;
and then Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands.
Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, Serjeant at Arms.
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

Queen

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Queen Catharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.

Anne Bullen, beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman of the Bed-chamber to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in *London* and *Westminster*; once, at *Kimbolton*.



P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
 Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
 We shall present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or too, (and so agree,
 The Play may pass) if they be still and willing,
 I'll undertake may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow (1)
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
 Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting
 Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
 To make that only true we now intend)
 Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Think before ye (2)
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living: think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
 Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

(1) ————— or to see a Fellow
 In a long motly Coat,] Alluding to the Fools and Buffoons, introduced
 for the generality in the Plays a little before our Author's Time:
 and of whom he has left us a small Taste in his own.

(2) ————— Think ye see
 The very Persons of our noble Story,] Why the Rhyme should have
 been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot
 conceive. It can only be accounted for from the Negligence of the
 Press, or the Transcribers: and therefore I have made no Scruple to
 replace it. The



The L I F E of
King *H E N R Y* VIII.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door : at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

B U C K I N G H A M.

✻ ✻ ✻ O O D morrow, and well met. How have
✻ ✻ ✻ you done,
✻ G ✻ Since last we saw in *France* ?
✻ ✻ ✻ *Nor.* I thank your Grace :
✻ ✻ ✻ Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Gwynes* and *Arde* :
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time,
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders, its. To-day the *French*,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the *English* ; and to-morrow they
Made *Britain, India* : every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt ; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them ; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd, incomparable ; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise ; and being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that old fabulous story
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit ;
That † *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour, honesty ; the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ; (3)
To

† The old romantick legend of *Bevis of Southampton*. This *Bevis* (or, *Beauvois*) a *Saxon*, was for his Prowess created by *William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton* : Of whom, *Cambden* in his *Britannia*.

(3) Which *Action's self* was *Tongue to*.

Buck. All was royal.

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, sure, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,
That such a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown ; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants ; but spider-like
Out of his self-drawn web ;——this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him ; let some graver eye
Pierce into that : but I can see his pride

*To the disposing of it Nought rebell'd ;
Order gave each Thing View. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function. Who did, &c.*

Thus hitherto these Speeches have been regulated : but, I think, mistakingly. *Buckingham* could not with any Propriety say this ; for he wanted Information as to the Magnificence, having kept his Chamber with an Ague during the Solemnity. I have therefore ventured to split the Speeches, so as to give them Probability, from the Persons speaking ; without hazarding the Author's Sense by this new Regulation,

Peep through each part of him ; whence has he that ? (4)
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
 Or has giv'n all before ; and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
 Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
 Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
 Who should attend him ? he makes up the file
 Of all the gentry ; for the most part such,
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon : And his own letter
 (The honourable board of council out)
 Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying manours on 'em
 For this great journey. What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
 The peace between the *French* and us not values
 The cost, that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspir'd ; and not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophesy, that this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
 The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out :
 For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
 Our merchants' goods at *Bordeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
 Th' ambassador is silenc'd ?

(4) ————— whence has he that,
 If not from Hell ? the Devil !] Thus has this Passage been pointed
 in all the Editions ; but the very Inference, which is made upon it,
 directs the Stops as I have regulated them.

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart, that wishes tow'rds you
Honour and plenteous safety;) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain
of the guard, and two secretaries with Papers; the
Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham,
and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more;
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only,
Which

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord;
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in *England*
Can advise me, like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe yourself. We may out-run
By violent swiftness, that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
Seeming t'augment it, wastes it? be advis'd:
I say again, there is no *English* soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

North. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock.—Attend. This holy fox,

Or

Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform't;) his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
 Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
 As here at home, suggests the King our master
 To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.—This cunning
 Cardinal

Th' articles o'th' combination drew,
 As himself pleas'd: and they were ratify'd,
 As he cry'd, *let it be*——to as much end,
 As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
 Has done this, and 'tis well——for worthy *Wolsey*,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To th' old dam, treason;) *Charles* the Emperor,
 Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
 To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France* might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
 Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,
 Which I do well——for, I am sure, the Emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
 That he would please to alter the King's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, you were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at arms before him, and two
or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant ; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things ! I obey.
O my Lord *Aberga'ny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd !

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Montague* ; and the bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, *John de la Court*,
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor. (5)

(5) *One Gilbert Peck, his Counsellor.*] So the old Copies have it,
but, I, from the Authorities of *Hall* and *Holingshead*, changed it to
Chancellor. And our Poet himself, in the Beginning of the second
Act, vouches for this Correction.

*At which ; appear'd against him his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his Chancellor—*

Buck.

Buck. So, so ;

These are the limbs o'th' plot ; no more, I hope ?

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins* ? (6)

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My Lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Council-Chamber.*

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder ; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell ; the
Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his
right-side.

King. MY life itself, and the best heart of it, [*level*
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i'th'
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person ;
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the
Queen usher'd by the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk :
she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up,
kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us ; half your suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;

(6) Michael Hopkins ?] So all the old Copies had it ; and so
Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope from them. But here again by the help of
the Chronicles, I have given the true Reading.

Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicitated, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties ; wherein although [*To Wolsey.*
(My good Lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions ; yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from soil) ev'n he 'scapes not
Language unmannerly ; yea such, which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear ; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers ; who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation ?
Wherein ? and what taxation ? my Lord Cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others : but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sovereign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is

Not ours, or not allow'd : what worst, as oft
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
 For our best act : if we stand still, in fear
 Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
 We should take root here where we sit :
 Or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each !
 A trembling contribution !——why, we take
 From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber :
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. *[To the Secretary.]*
 Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire,
 Of the King's grace and pardon : The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes ; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. *[Exit Secretary.]*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many ;
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound : his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.
 Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than

Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his; and is become as black,
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices, whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
 Most like a careful subject have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
 It would infect his speech, that if the King
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
 To make the scepter his. These very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord *Aberga'ny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
 His dangerous conception in this point:
 Not friended by his wish to your high person,
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
 How grounded he his title to the crown,
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,
 By a vain prophesy of *Nicholas Hopkins*. (7)

King.

(7) *By a vain Prophecy of Nicholas HENTON.*] We heard before, from *Brandon*, of one *Nicholas Hopkins*; and now his Name is chang'd into *Henton*; so that *Brandon* and the Surveyor seem to be

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the *French* would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the Confession's seal (8)
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My Chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter; with demure confidence.

be in two Stories. There is, however but one and the same Person, meant, *Hopkins*; as I have restor'd it in the Text, for Perspicuity's Sake: yet will it not be any Difficulty to account for the other Name, when we come to consider, that he was a Monk of the Convent, call'd *Henton*, near *Bristol*. So both *Hall* and *Holingshead* acquaint us. And he might, according to the Custom of those Times, be call'd as well *Nicholas* of *Henton*, from the Place; as *Hopkins*, from his Family.

(8) ——— under the Commission's Seal,

He solemnly had sworn.] So all the Editions down from the very beginning. But, what *Commission's* Seal? That is a Question, I dare say, none of our diligent Editors ever asked themselves. The Text must be restor'd, as I have corrected it; and honest *Holingshead*, from whom our Author took the Substance of this Passage, may be call'd in as a Testimony. ——— “The Duke in Talk told the
“ Monk, that he had done very well to bind his Chaplain, *John*
“ *de la Court*, under the Seal of Confession, to keep secret such Mat-
“ ter.” *Vid.* Life of Henry VIII. p. 863.

Thus

'Thus paufingly enfu'd ;—Neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) fhall prosper; bid him ftrove
To gain the love o'th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern *England*.——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's furveyor, and loft your office
On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble perfon,
And fpoil your nobler foul: I fay, take heed;
Yes, heartily I befeech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my foul, I'll fpeak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illufions
The Monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminare on this, until
It forg'd him fome defign, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, tush,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his laft ficknefs fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what fo rank? ah, ha——
There's mischief in this man; canft thou fay further?

Surv. I can my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highnefs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer*——

King. I remember
Of fuch a time, he being my fworn fervant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' ufurper *Richard*, who, being at *Salisbury*,
Made fuit to come in's prefence; which, it granted,
(As he made femblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee; what
say'st?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us; he is attached,
Call him to present trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. **I**S't possible, the spells of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the last voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord.
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,

That

That, sure, they've worn out christendom: how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Low. Faith, my Lord.
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Low. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monfieurs
To think an *English* courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Low. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short-bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel;
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Low. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies:
A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're going:
For, sure, there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,

Held

Held current musick too;

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Love. To the cardinal's;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal: in him, (9)
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;
Your Lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

(9) ———— h'as wherewithal in him;
[*Sparing would shew &c.*] Thus this has hitherto been falsely pointed.
The *wherewithal*, intended by Lord Sands, was not in the Cardinal's
internal Wealth, the Bounty of his Mind; but the Goods of For-
tune, his outward Treasures, large Revenues; which would have
aggravated the Sin of Parsimony in him.

SCENE

S C E N E *changes to* York-house.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. **L**adies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates To fair content and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry, As, first-good company, good wine, good welcome, (10) Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet, ere they rested:
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your Lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy, as a down-bed would afford it.

(10) *As, first, good Company, good Wine, &c.] As this Passage has been all along pointed, Sir Harry Guilford is made to include all these under the first Article; and then gives us the drop as to what should follow. The Poet, I am persuaded, wrote;*

As first-good Company, good Wine, good Welcome, &c.

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three Things can make you, the best Company in the Land, of the best Rank, good Wine, &c.

Cham.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you fit? Sir *Harry*,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay, you must not freeze;
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my Lord:
So, now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal *Wolsey*, and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour;
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam:

For

For 'tis to such a thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the *French* tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and tables removed.]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I show'r a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass
directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus thy pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay 'em
A thou-

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.

[*Chuse ladies, King and Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

Wol. My Lord,——

Cham. Your Grace.——

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. [*Whisper.*

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad,
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither, what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's*
daughter,
(*The Viscount Rochford*,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven, she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready
I'th' privy chamber?

Loe. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

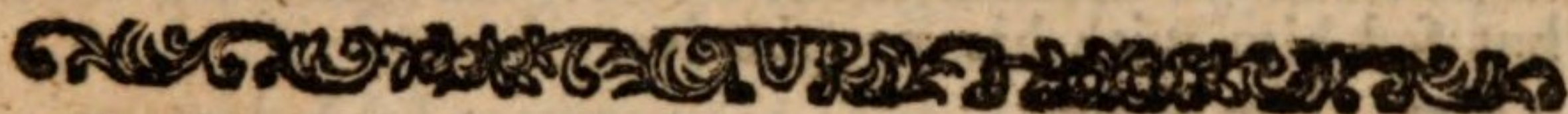
King. I fear, too much.

Wol.

Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one : sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you ; let's be merry.
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, a Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

I G E N T L E M A N.

WHITHER away so fast ?

2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye :
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1 Gen. I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there ?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd ?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly, what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty ?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it ?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar ; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty ; and alledg'd

Many

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *vivâ voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Pecke his chancellor, and John Court
Confessor to him, with that devil-Monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could not:
And so his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his Judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely;
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, *Kildare's* attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep, envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,

And

And, gen'rally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously: and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtesy.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, (Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the edge toward him. Halberds on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common People, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but Justice:
But those that fought it, I could wish more christians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief:
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few, that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good Angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And

And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his Grace:
And, if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in heav'n: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness, and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see, the barge be ready:
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me,
When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
Restor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my Name, once more, noble. Now his son,

Henry

Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most.
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heav'n has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose ; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must leave ye ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me :
 Farewel ; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak, how I fell—I've done ; and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity ; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe ; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us !
 What may it be ? you do not doubt my faith, Sir ?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it ;
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident ;
 You shall, Sir ; did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing of a separation
 Between the King and *Cath'rine* ?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not ;
 For when the King once heard it, out of anger

He

He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
To stop the rumour ; and allay those tongues,
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was : and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you've hit the mark ; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this :
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *an Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

MY Lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took
'em from me, with this reason ; his master would be serv'd
before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our
mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed ; well, let him have them ;
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk
and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham.

Cham. Good-day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles,

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most true,
These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The *French* King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into

Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed :
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please : his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike ; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in.

And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him ;
My Lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your Lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and
reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there ? ha ?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ? how dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate, with a
Commission.*

Who's there ? my good Lord Cardinal ? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience !

Thou

Thou art a cure fit for a King.—You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom ;
[To Campeius.

Use us, and it: my good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.

King. We are busy; go. [To Norf. and Suf.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal *Campeius*;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their loves;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my Lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men : the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know, your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law ;
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and favour to you ;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of *York*, was not one *Doctor Pace*
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still : which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him !
That's christian care enough ; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,

For

For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Friars* :
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My *Wolfey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? but, conscience, conscience !—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *an Antechamber of the Queen's
Apartments.*

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. **N**OT for that neither——here's the pang,
that pinches.

His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her ; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing : oh, now after
So many courses of the sun, entron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire ; after this process,
To give her the avant ! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp ; though 't be temporal.
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As foul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah ! poor lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her ; verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble Livers in content ;
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy;
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth——

Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little *England*
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for *Carnarvonſhire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Ch. Good-morrow, ladies; what were't worth to know
The ſecret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good Lord,

Not

Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistrefs' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues ; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke* ; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all, is nothing : Nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities ; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit,
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well ;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the King ; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a Gem,
To lighten all this isle ?—I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why, this it is : fee, fee !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds : And you, oh fate !
(A very fresh fish here : fy, fy upon

This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke*!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation? By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Dutches. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? ——— [Exeunt.



S C E N E,

S C E N E changes to Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory: below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. **W**Hilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so; proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine Queen of England,
Come into the Court.

Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
 And to bestow you pity on me ; for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions ; having here
 No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
 In what have I offended you ? what cause
 Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
 I've been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable :
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your count'nance ; glad or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd : when was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire ?
 Or made it not mine too ? which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years ; and have been blest
 With many children by you. If in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person ; in God's name,
 Turn me away : and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
 The King your father was reputed for
 A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
 My father, King of *Spain* was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
 A year before. It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise Council to them

Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this bufiness,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counfel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
Of fingular integrity and learning:
Yea, the elect o'th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unfettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal Session do proceed;
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so; certain,
The daughter of a King: my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble: nay, before;
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the Consistory,
 Yea, the whole Consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
 The King is present; if't be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
 His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking;
 And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 T'oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
 mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps? and now are mounted,
 Where Pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual: That again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness;

And

And to be judg'd by him.

[She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the
Court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note? pray you, keep your way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i'th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted;
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself tow'rds me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once, and fully satisfy'd;) if I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't: or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word,

That

That might be prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
The passages made towards it:—On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point; (11)
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th'inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
Our daughter *Mary*: I'th' progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook

(11) ----- on my Honour
[I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this Point.]
In all the Editions, excepting Mr. *Reeve's*, this Passage has been
pointed mistakingly, as if the *King* were speaking to the *Cardinal*:
but this is not the Poet's Intention. The *King*, having first addressed
to *Wolsey*, breaks off: and declares upon his Honour to the whole
Court, that he speaks the *Cardinal's* Sentiments upon the Point in
Question; and clears him from any Attempt, or Wish, to stir that
~~Business~~.

The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me, (12)
 Yea, with a splitting power; and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And prest in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
 Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb
 (If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
 Do no more Offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 (Well worthy the best heir o'th' world) should not
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe: thus hurling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I mean to rectify my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full-sick, and yet not well;)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
 With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember,
 How under my oppression I did reek,

(12) ———— *This Respite shew*

The Bosom of my Conscience,] Tho' this Reading be Sense, yet, I
 verily believe, the Poet wrote; The Bottom of my Conscience,——
 My Reason is this. *Shakespear* in all his Historical Plays was a
 most diligent Observer of *Holingshead's* Chronicle; and had him al-
 ways in Eye, wherever he thought fit to borrow any Matter from
 him. Now *Holingshead*, in the Speech which he has given to King
Henry upon this Subject, makes him deliver himself thus. "Which
 " Words, once conceived within the secret *Bottom* of my Conscience,
 " ingendred such a scrupulous Doubt, that my Conscience was in-
 " continently accombred, vex'd, and disquieted," *Vid. Life of*
Henry VIII. p. 907.

When

When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread; that I committed
The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt:
And did intreat your Highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you, (13)
My Lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave
To make this present summons: unfollicited
I left no rev'rend person in this Court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
(*Catharine* our Queen) before the primest creature
That's paragon'd i'th' world.

(13) ——— *I then mov'd You,*
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your Leave
To make this present Summons unfollicited.] Thus all the Impressions,
But these sagacious Editors have palm'd a strange Piece of Nonsense
upon us, from a false Pointing. What! did the King *move* the
Bishop, nay, and so *move* him as to *get his Leave*, and yet could the
Summons be said to be *unfollicited*? I have rescued the Text from
such an absurd Contradiction: and, again, done it upon the Authority
of honest *Holingshead*. — “ I moved it in Confession to You, my
“ Lord of *Lincoln*, then ghostly Father. And forasmuch as then
“ you yourself were in some Doubt, you mov'd me to ask the
“ Counsel of all these my Lords. Whereupon I *moved* you, my
“ Lord of *Canterbury*, first to have your *Licence*, in as much as you
“ were Metropolitan, to put this Matter in Question; and so I did
“ of all you, my Lords” *Holingshead*. *ibid.* p. 908.

Cam.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this Court to futher day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved servant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the Court:
I say, set on. *[Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]*





A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Queen's Apartments.**The Queen and her Women, as at Work.*

Q U E E N.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows fad with troubles :
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave working.

S O N G.

ORpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

*Enter a Gentleman.**Queen.* How now ?*Gent.* An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.*Queen.* Would they speak with me ?*Gent.* They will'd me say so, Madam.*Queen.*

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near; what can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous,
But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; 'would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em;
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Sere-*
nissima,——

Queen. O, good my Lord, no *Latin*;
I am not such a truant, since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray, speak in *English*; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my Integrity should breed

And

(And service to his Majesty and you)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation
 To taint that honour, every good tongue blesses ;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
 You have too much, good lady : but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the King and you : and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
 My Lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him ; (which was too far)
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
 His service and his counsel.——

Queen. To betray me.
 My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove so !
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
 (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 'The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
 Let me have time and council for my cause :
 Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
 fears :
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In *England*,
 But little for my profit : can you think, Lords,
 That any *English* man dare give me counsel ?
 Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
 (Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,)

And

And live a subject? nay, forsooth, my friends—
 They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
 In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would, your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
 He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause:
 For if the trial of the law o'er-take ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out, upon ye!
 Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,
 That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
 But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend 'em for shame, my Lords: is this your comfort?
 The cordial, that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, take heed, for heav'n's sake, lest at once
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors! would you have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be any thing but churchmens' habits)
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
 Alas! h'as banish'd me his bed already;
 His love, too long ago. I'm old, my Lords;
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him

Is

Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worse—

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say, without vain-glory;
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me—

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*]

Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost, no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once-was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest;
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The

The way of our profession is against it:
 We are to ear such sorrows, not to sow 'em. (14)
 For goodnes' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself; nay, utterly
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
 They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know, you have a gentle, noble, temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your virtues
 With these weak womens' fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
 Beware, you lose it not; for us (if you please
 To trust us in your business) we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and, pray, for-
 give me,
 If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his Majesty.
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my pray'rs,
 While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers;
 Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

(14) *We are to cure such Sorrows, not to sow 'em.*] There is no
Antithesis in these Terms, nor any Consonance of the *Metaphors*:
 both which my emendation restores.

We are to ear such Sorrows, not to sow 'em. i. e. to weed them
 up, harrow them out. This Word with us may be derived not
 only from *arare* to *plow*; but the *Saxon* Word, *Ear*, which signified
 a *Harrow*.

S C E N E

S C E N E, *Antechamber to the King's Apartments.*

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. **I**F you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o'th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is 'tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physick
After his patients death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to't!

Nor. All mens'!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young; and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:

There be more wasps, that buz about his nose,

Will

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is stolen away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause o'th' King unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him;
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in christendom; shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. *Catharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princess dowager,
And widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer's*
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal——

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hands, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. [Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutcheſs of *Alanſon*, [Aside.

The *French* King's ſiſter; he ſhall marry her.

Anne Bullen! no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,—

There's more in't than fair viſage—*Bullen*!—

No, we'll no *Bullens*!—ſpeedily, I wiſh

To hear from *Rome*—the *Marchioneſs* of *Pembroke*!—

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice!

Wol. [Aside.] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a
Knight's daughter!

To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the Queen's Queen!—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it,

Then out it goes—what though I know her virtuous,

And well deſerving? yet I know her for

A ſpleeny Lutheran; and not wholeſome to

Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i'th' boſom of

Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up

An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething.

Enter King, reading of a ſchedule; and Lovell.

• *Sur.* I would, 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.—

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have

VOL. V.

Q

Stood

Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; strait,
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again ;
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon ; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd ; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing ;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will ;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]

Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
Ever God bless your Highness !——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit ; sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For

For holy offices I have a time ;
 A time, to think upon the part of business
 I bear i'th' state ; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well
 With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;
 He said, he did : and with his deed did crown
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,
 I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
 Imploy'd you where high profits might come home ;
 But par'd my present havings, to bestow
 My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ? [*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this business ! [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
 The prime man of the state ? I pray, tell me,
 If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,
 If you are bound to us, or no ? what say you ?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
 Showr'd on me daily have been more than could
 My studied purposes requite, which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires,
 Yet fill'd with my abilities, mine own ends
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To th' good of your most sacred person, and
 The profit of the state : For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
 My prayers to heav'n for you ; my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,

Q 2

'Till

'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd :

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated ; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
'That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love ; my pow'r rain'd honour more
On you, than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and ev'ry function of your power,
Should notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,

'That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own ; that am I, have been, will be ;
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken ;

Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[Giving him papers.]

And, after, this ; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey ; the Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.]

Wol. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper :
I fear, the story of his anger——'tis so——
This paper has undone me——'tis th' account

Of

Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
 And see my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
 I've touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness;
 And from that full meridian of my glory
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
 And no man see me more.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the
 Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you

To render up the Great Seal presently
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself
 To *Asher-house*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,
 'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay:

Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
 (I mean, your malice;) know, officious Lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,——Envy:
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
 As if it fed ye; and how sleek, and wanton,
 Y'appear in every thing may bring my ruin.

Follow your envious courfes, men of malice ;
 You've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
 You ask with fuch a violence, the King
 (Mine and your mafter) with his own hand gave me ;
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life ; and to confirm his goodnefs,
 Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It muft be himfelf then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, prieft.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou lieft :

Within thefe forty hours *Surrey* durft better
 Have burnt that tongue, than faid fo.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet fin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law :
 The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy beft parts bound together,)
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
 You fent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
 Far from his fuccour ; from the King ; from all,
 That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'ft him :
 Whilft your great goodnefs, out of holy pity,
 Abfolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all elfe
 This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
 I anfwer, is moft false. The Duke by law
 Found his deferts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul caufe can witnefs.
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I fhould tell you,
 You have as little honefty as honour ;
 That I, i'th' way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the King, my ever-royal mafter,
 Dare mate a foundier man than *Surrey* can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my foul,
 Your long coat, prieft, protects you ; thou fhould'ft feel
 My

My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel, nobility: let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen;
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you, (15)
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise;
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.

(15) *Worse than the scaring Bell*, -----] This absurd Reading has only found place in Mr. *Pope's* two Editions, I have restor'd, from all the best Copies, *sacring Bell*. That Gentleman, sure, should know, that in *Roman-Catholic* Countries the little Bell, which is rung to give Notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of that Church, is called, the *Sacring* or *Consecration Bell*; from the *French* Word, *Sacrer*.

Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal;
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head; have at you.
First, that without the King's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of mere ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish *Rome*; and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my Lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
(Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legantine within this kingdom,

Fall

Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*)
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be (16)
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory:
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours!

(16) Castles, and whatsoever,] I have ventured to substitute *Chattels* here, as the Author's genuine Word, for this good Reason; because, as our Law-books inform us, the Judgment in a Writ of *Præmunire* is, that the Defendant shall be from thenceforth out of the King's Protection; and his Lands and Tenements, Goods and CHATTELS forfeited to the King; and that his Body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure. But because it may be objected, that *Shakespeare* had no Acquaintance with the Law-books, it will be proper to take notice, that this very Description of the *Præmunire* is set out by *Holingshead* in his *Life of King Henry VIII.* p. 909.

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why, how now, *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and, from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O' 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad, your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T'endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice

For

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her Coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. ○

Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord and master. Seek the King;
(That sun, I pray, may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman——
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;
And

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard: say then, I taught thee;
 Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels: how can man then
 (The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts, that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O *Cromwell*,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King!
 And, pry'thee, lead me in——
 There, take an inventory of all I have;
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of Court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T IV.

SCENE, *a Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

I G E N T L E M A N.

Y O U ' R E well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady *Anne* pass from her coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his trial.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow :
This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well ; the citizens,
I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds,
And, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand ?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be High Steward ; next, the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marshal ; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir ; had I not known those customs,
I should

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of *Catharine*,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Amptbil*, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas, good lady! —
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.
[Hautboys.



The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
 2. *Then, two Judges.*
 3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
 4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
 5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
 6. *Marquis of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an Earl's coronet. Callars of SS.*
 7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
 8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
 9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
 10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then Exeunt, with a great flouriſh of trumpets.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; theſe I know;
Who's that, who bears the ſcepter?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorſet.
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bleſs thee!

Thou

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
 Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,
 And more and richer, when he strains that lady :
 I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gen.* They, that bear
 The cloth of state above her, are four barons
 Of the *Cinque-Ports*.

2 *Gen.* Those men are happy; so are all, are near her.
 I take it, she that carries up the train,
 Is that old noble lady, the dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed :
 And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
 Could not be wedg'd in more ; I am stifled,
 With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it ?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
 Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
 To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
 A distance from her ; while her Grace sat down
 To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
 In a rich chair of state ; opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people :
 (Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman,
 That ever lay by man ;) which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,

Doublets,

Doublets, I think, flew up ; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams
 In the old time of war, would shake the presses,
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, pray, what follow'd ?

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
 Came to the altar, where she kneel'd ; and, faint-like,
 Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
 When by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
 Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen ;
 As holy oil, *Edward* Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To *York-Place*, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past.
 For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
 'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 Gen. I know it :
 But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops
 Were those, that went on each side of the Queen ?

3 Gen. *Stokesly* and *Gardiner* ; the one of *Winchester*,
 Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary :
 The other, *London*.

2 Gen. He of *Winchester*
 Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop,
 The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 Gen. All the land knows that :
 However, yet there's no great breach ; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gen.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell,*
A man in much esteem with th' King, and, truly,
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o'th' jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there shall be my guests :
Something I can command ; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to* Kimbolton.

Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her gentleman-usher, and Patience her woman.

Grif. **H**OW does your Grace?

Cath. O *Griffith*, sick to death :
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair——
So——now, methinks, I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*
Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam ; but I think, your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he slept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man !

Grif.

Grif. At last, with easy roads he came to *Lei'ster* ;
 Lodg'd in the Abbey ; where the rev'rend Abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
 To whom he gave these words, " O father Abbot,
 " An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 " Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 " Give him a little earth for charity !"

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him !
 Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity ; he was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with Princes : one, that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom ; simony was fair play :
 His own opinion was his law. I'th' presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your Highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Cath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal, (17)

Though

(17) ————— This Cardinal
 Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much Honour. From his Cradle
 He was a Scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;] Thus this Passage has
 hitherto

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour, from his cradle ;
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofty and sour to them, that lov'd him not ;
 But to those men, that fought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it :
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I with no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note,
 I nam'd my knell ; whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

hitherto been most absurdly pointed. That *Wolfey* should be a *ripe Scholar* from his *Cradle*, is most extraordinary and incredible. My Alteration of the Pointing, I dare be positive, gives us the Poet's Meaning ; and expresses that Character, which, *Holingshead* tells us, *Edmund Campain*, in his History of *Ireland*, had given of the Cardinal, that he was a man undoubtedly born to Honour.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep : good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages,
clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of
bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays,
or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then
dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare
garland over her head ; at which, the other four make
reverend curt'sies. Then the two, that held the gar-
land, deliver the same to the other next two ; who ob-
serve the same order in their changes, and holding the
garland over her head : Which done, they deliver the
same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the
same order : (At which, as it were by inspiration, she
makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her
hands to heaven.) And so in their dancing vanish, car-
rying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace ; where are ye ? are ye gone ?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for ;
Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Grif. None, Madam.

Cath. No ? saw you not e'en now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[Musick ceases.]

Pat. Do you note,

How

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
 How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
 And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,——

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your Grace——

Cath. You are a sawcy fellow,
 Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
 Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
 To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
 A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow
 Let me ne'er see again. [Exit Messenger.

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
 You should be Lord ambassador from the Emperor,
 My royal nephew; and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my Lord,
 The times and titles are now alter'd strangely
 With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
 What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
 First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,
 The King's request that I would visit you;
 Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
 Sends you his princely commendations,
 And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
 'Tis like a pardon after execution;
 That gentle physick, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
 But

But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

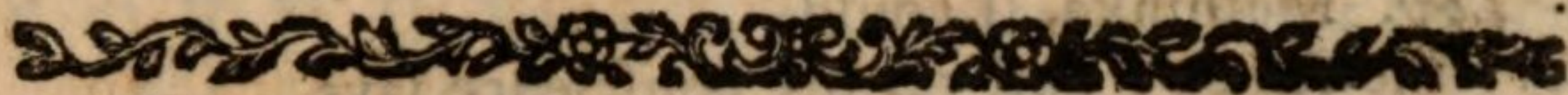
Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature:
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
'To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And sure, those men are happy, that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap.

Cap. By heav'n, I will ;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness ;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him ;
For so I will—mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord——*Griffith*, farewel——nay, *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed——
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave ; embalm me,
Then lay me forth ; although unqueen'd, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more.—— [Exeunt, leading Catharine.





A C T V.

S C E N E, *before the Palace.*

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

G A R D I N E R.

IT'S one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times, to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas ;
Whither so late ?

Low. Came you from the King, my Lord ?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at *Primer*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Low. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell ; what's the matter ?
It seems, you are in haste : And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that walk
(As they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Low. My Lord, I love you :
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity ; 'tis fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says,
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*——You're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovell*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's secretary: Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him; indeed, this day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the Lords o'th' Council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him; he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convened. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good-night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exit Lovell.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. **C**harles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles* ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovell.

Now, *Lovell*, from the Queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou ! ha !
To pray for her ! what ! is she crying out !

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir !

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles* ;
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy pray'rs remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. *Charles*, a good night : *[Exit Suffolk.]*
Well, Sir, what follows ?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha ! *Canterbury* !——

Denny. Yea, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true——where is he, *Denny* ?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit *Denny*.]

Low. This is about that, which the Bishop spake ;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seemeth to stay.
Ha !——I have said——be gone.

What !—— [Exeunt Lovell and Denny.]

Cran. I am fearful : wherefore frowns he thus ?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my Lord ? you do desire to know,
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
'T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, rise ;
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury* ;
Come, you and I must walk a turn together :
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak ;
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our *Tower* : You a brother of us,
It

It fits we thus proceed : or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly afunder. For, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury* ;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up ;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you ? my Lord, I look'd,
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world ?
Your foes are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
The justice and the truth o'th' question carries
The due o'th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witnesses, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me !

King. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to :
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you ;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use ; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps !
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone.
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
H'as strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*Within.*] Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings !

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege ;
And of a lovely boy ; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blest her !——'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation ; and to be
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell,——

Lov. Sir.

King.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [Exit Lady.]

S C E N E, *before the Council-chamber.*

Enter Cranmer.

Cr. I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho! ho!
Who waits there? sure, you know me?

Enter Door Keeper.

Door Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your Grace must wait, 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.———

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad,
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he found not my disgrace! for certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never fought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor,

'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight——

King. What's that, *Butts*?

Butts. I think, your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst purse-vants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,

They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least, good manners; as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their Lordships' pleasures;

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,

We shall hear more anon,——



S C E N E the Council.

A council-table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. **S**peak to the business, Mr. Secretary; (18)
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Door. Keep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Door. Keep. My Lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Door. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*]

Chan. My good Lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry

(18) Chan. *Speak to the Business,*] This Lord Chancellor, though a Character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last Scene of the fourth Act, we heard, that Sir Thomas More was appointed Lord Chancellor: but it is not he, whom the Poet here introduces. *Wolfey*, by Command delivered up the Seals on the eighteenth of *November* 1529; on the twenty-fifth of the same Month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the sixteenth of *May*, 1532. Now the Conclusion of this Scene taking Notice of Queen *Elizabeth's* Birth, (which brings it down to the Year 1534) Sir Thomas *Audie* must necessarily be our Poet's Chancellor; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the Seals many Years.

To sit here at this present, and behold
 That chair stand empty: but we all are men
 In our own natures frail, and capable
 Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little:
 Toward the King first, then his Laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
 Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble Lords; for those, that tame wild horses,
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
 'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewel all physick: and what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
 Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
 The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress,
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
 (And with no little study) that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my Authority,
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever to do well: nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 (Both in his private conscience and his place)
 Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
 Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,

And

And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My Lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Mens' prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my Lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner;
There to remain, 'till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my Lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome.
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' *Tower*.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. D'you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.

How much more is his life in value with him?

'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
heav'n

In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One, that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest

[To Cran.

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,

This

This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
 At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Pow'r, as he was a counsellor to try him;
 Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
 Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him:
 Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
 Be friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of *Canterbury*,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me,
 There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your spoons:
 you shall have
 Two noble partners with you: the old *Duchess*
 Of *Norfolk*, and the lady *Marquess Dorset*——
 Once mote, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
 Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
 And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart :
 The common voice, I see, is verify'd
 Of thee, which says thus : do my Lord of *Canterbury*
 But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
 Come, Lords, we trifle time away : I long
 To have this young one made a christian.
 As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain :
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Palace-yard.*

Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter and his man.

Port. **Y**ou'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals ; do
 you take the Court for *Paris Garden* ? ye
 rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue :
 is this a place to roar in ? fetch me a dozen crab-tree
 staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches to 'em :
 I'll scratch your heads ; you must be seeing christnings ?
 do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible
 (Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)
 To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
 On *May-day* morning ; which will never be :
 We may as well push against *Paul's*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?
 As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
 (You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
 I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
 to mow 'em down before me ; but if I spar'd any that had
 a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold
 or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine
 again ; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter.

Port.

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Moorfields* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? blefs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brafter by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour; which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house; and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here?
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters;
These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows;
There's a trim rabble let in; are all these,
Your faithful friends o'th' suburbs? we shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from th' christning?

Port. Please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
Th' are come already from the christening;
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A *Marshalsea*, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck
you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]



S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, fair Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much *English*.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir;
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal Infant, (heav'n still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be

(But

(But few or none living can behold that goodness),
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her;
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
 Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her,
 In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known, and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their Greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,
 Her ashes new-create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him: childrens' children
 Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it,

'Would,

'Would, I had known no more ! but she must die, (19)
 She must, the Saints must have her yet a Virgin ;
 A most unspotted lily she shall pass
 To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Arch-bishop,
 Thou'lt made me now a man ; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing.
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my maker.
 I thank ye all. — To you, my good Lord Mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden : (20)
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords ;
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day no man think,
 H'as business at his house, for all shall stay ;
 This little one shall make it holy day. [Exeunt.

(19) *Would I had known no more ; but she must die,*
She must, the Saints must have her yet a Virgin,
A most unspotted Lily, &c.] Thus the Editors hitherto, in their
 Sagacity, have pointed this passage, and destroy'd the true Sense
 of it. The first part of this Sentence is a Wish : The other should
 be a sorrowful Continuation of the Bishop's Prophecy. But, sure,
Cranmer was too wise and pious a Man, too well acquainted with the
 State of Mortality, to make it a part of his Lamentation that this
 good Princess must one time or other go to Heaven. As I point it,
 the Poet makes a fine Compliment to his Royal Mistress's Memory,
 to lament that she must die without leaving an Heir of her Body be-
 hind her.

(20) *And you good Brethren,]* But the *Aldermen* never were call'd
 Brethren to the King. The Top of the Nobility are but Cousins
 and Counsellors. *Dr. Thirlby*, therefore, rightly advis'd ;

And your good Brethren —————
 i. e. the Lord Mayor's Brethren ; which is properly their Style.





E P I L O G U E.

TIS ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep an Act or two ; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets ! so 'tis clear,
They'll say, it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty !
Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,
All the expected Good w'are like to hear
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,
And say, 'twill do ; I know within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

The End of the Fifth Volume.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

E P I L O G U E

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME
OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE
JAMES OGLETHORPE
BY
JAMES OGLETHORPE
ESQ.
OF THE CITY OF SAVANNAH
IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA
LONDON: PRINTED BY
J. BARNES, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
1790.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

END

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

Works

Bd.: T. 5

London (1762)

P.o.angl. 360 p-5

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10749334-8